

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

"Be sincere and you cannot fail to be original" is a remark that Carlyle once made, and I imagine that a genuine confession of ignorance is often as helpful to the reader as to the writer. I am willing to confess that I thought much less of Great Britain before I visited the islands which constitute the center of Imperial power than I did after I saw the colossal wealth and learned something about the army and navy and the military resources which have made the world wonder. It is well known that to be able to be thoroughly unconscious of other people's worth and of the magnitude of those things which we do not understand, ignorance furnishes the best point of view. People often talk of being ragged and "sassy"; it would be better to put it ignorant and "sassy." Ignorance is a relative term. Comparatively we know but little, and at best we cannot know very much. Those most ignorant of the commerce and power of the Empire are most apt to sneer at the value of Imperial connection. Even those who know Canada least and are still thoroughly patriotic, may not prize the fact that we are a part of such a grand integral whole. I know that it is only during this year of grace that I, a Canadian, a believer in the unity of the Empire and of the grandeur of Canada, have been able to obtain anything like a proper conception of what the word Canada means.

In February I went to Nova Scotia and lotted back through New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario; six weeks ago I renewed my journeyings and visited Manitoba, the North-West Territories and British Columbia. Now I am prepared to say that there is no Canadian who really deserves the privilege of speaking or writing of Canada unless he has seen what Canada is. Many of us have indulged for years in speaking of "this grand Dominion of ours," of "the greater half of the continent," of "the great stretch of fertile fields which extend from sea to sea." I always thought I felt and understood what this meant until I went from sea to sea. Now it is no longer a matter of the imagination and rhetoric fails to find words to express the grandeur, the glory of the national possibilities which unfold themselves as the great panorama of Canada is displayed. Talk about Canada being a line of disjointed and incongruous provinces! The great Father of Nations forgive us! It is the grandest opportunity for a new nation in the whole world. Admirers of the United States sometimes say that in the republic to the south of us they have the possibility of being a self-contained people, that they have resources which make them independent of all the rest of the world. So have we. In the Maritime Provinces Canada has a race of sailors unsurpassed by the seamen of any other nation. The enterprise of the people is probably the strongest in ship building, sea going and fishing, yet coal and iron are side by side, and it was the proximity of these things which made Great Britain the dominant island of all the seas. Mountains of timber overshadow great fields of grain and streams rich in fish. These things we know very well, but we do not appreciate them. The people of the East are themselves unappreciative; they complain because the Tyre and Sidon of their provinces have become more or less a place for the drying of nets. All they lack is enterprise and faith in themselves.

On a western trip how gaily different is the story. In what we are pleased to style the "wild and woolly West" the people have a sublime faith in themselves and in their future. Innovations do not frighten them; projects for the future are never too large to be considered; the very air seems to be impregnated with hopefulness, and if we were to judge them by Eastern standards their ambitions and large projects would be pronounced extravagant. Visit them if you think their ideas are too exuberant, and believe me, the illimitable country, the superb possibilities, the vastness of the room in which a man has so many chances to turn himself around, must bring you a conception of what the Western idea means. There may be arid deserts and wildernesses of rocks, but in the thousands of miles there is room for such trifles. A rocky county does not spoil Ontario or falsify its claim to be the garden of America, neither do a few hundred miles of rock or a million acres of mountain cancel the claim of our North-West as the granary of the earth, the stockman's paradise.

It has been said by those who do not always believe with me that I have not been consistent in politics. It is the boast of the ignoramus that he has never changed his views. As I see more of the world geographically I am more competent to judge of the size and future of our country than when I was a boy, and that is not so very many years ago. Politically why should I not permit circumstances to change my views? Why should knowledge be prevented from enlarging my vision as travel and observation enlarge my ideas? If Canadians would travel more in their own country and in foreign countries they would not be so open to the taunt of being behind the times as they now are. We are only beginning as a nation and only those who thoroughly appreciate our possibilities are capable of judging as to what is best. Let the most hide-bound Brit—and there is nobody who is more hide-bound than a man who considers himself a thoroughgoing Liberal—go through our Western land after having seen other lands, and he will return home overcome by the wondrous grandeur and the unmeas-

ured and unmeasurable opportunities of the provinces which lie to the west. I still believe that a man must see the countries most densely populated, must be familiar with the hardships of the peasantry in those countries which have grown rich though small in territory and lacking in natural facilities, before he can properly estimate what can be done in our North-West. Go through Holland, Belgium, Scotland, many parts of Germany, the mountains of Switzerland and Italy; look at what were once the sour lands of France; gaze upon the vineyards along the Rhine, where industry has reclaimed side hills which would be despised by an Ontario farmer, and then go into our West and see the grand slopes upon which still wave the grasses sown by the Creator of the universe and think how little we have to do compared with those who built dikes to keep out the sea, who built walls to hold the soil on the mountain sides, and you will realize that the same industry, the same years of ex-

horses degenerate into ponies and men sleep themselves away. In a north land such as we possess a man's full capacity is taxed to care for a season which comes with great rigor, his energies are not dulled by the climatic stupor which overcomes even the most vigorous when they settle in southern lands. Man must work or he must die. In the South he need not work, and not working he may not die; at least he shall not freeze, but having no bitter alternative he sees no reason why he should work. In our country a man must work or perish, but working he may grow rich; at least he can attain a competence.

So many have written about the West that it seems to me almost like egotism to attempt to add to the prophecies which have been made, yet go there and look at those fields and you will recognize how great a restraint it requires to refrain from adding something to the literature of our sunset land. Some

are working out their destiny, not with fear and trembling, but with a hopefulness that is more sublime and with a faith that is more perfect than anything we have east of the prairies. The stranger who goes there is greeted as a welcome guest. He is neither questioned nor quarantined as to race, religion or politics. If he is coming to the West hoping to make for himself a place there, he is welcome and God bless the people who have a cordial welcome for the stranger!

Go west and you find Portage la Prairie as eager to welcome you. In Brandon you find the loveliest city of the plains. There the whole face of the earth seems to have been smoothed ready for the plough, the city made ready for the merchant, and the hearts of the people widened for the reception of the man who desires to make a home for himself.

At the experimental farm you may learn

heart of the cattle country. Of course they have a winter, but there is not a prettier town site on earth than that occupied by the city of Calgary. Rivers surround it until it is almost an island, mountains tower above it; yet it is as level as the floor of a room, and there is being built there the prettiest, most charming little city conceivable. Earth suitable for brick-making is everywhere; the quarries give up stone ready for the mason; the buildings are superb for a town of its size. It is the center of the ranching country and the shipment of frozen meat is already one of its leading industries, yet in its leading packing-house one finds the walls lined with hams cured in Toronto, though hogs can be raised about Calgary at half the price they can be raised in the neighborhood of Toronto. Westerners have not yet found out all their opportunities. Merino sheep are depended upon for mutton, though merinos comparatively make as poor mutton as a mule would make beef. They are exporting frozen meat to British Columbia, though British Columbia should raise cattle enough to supply the whole Pacific coast. I quote this merely to show how immature and unrealized are the many possibilities of the mountain land and those river valleys which supply grass, and grain, and wealth to those who are not averse to doing a little work. A brewery has been started there, yet more than half of the barley is from Ontario, though barley can be raised in that district at half the cost and equal in quality to that which we produce here. Yet Calgary is prosperous, magnificently prosperous, and inside of five years it will have at its doors everything of which I have spoken as imported.

In this article I desire to confine myself to agricultural possibilities. In the next I shall speak of scenery. From Calgary let us go to British Columbia. What a change there is!

The forests of British Columbia are almost tropical; the flowers are as beautiful and as sweet-scented as those which we take such great pains to preserve in hot-houses here in the East. One of the difficulties of farming in that land is that trees are big around as an ordinary table are growing above trees which have been lying in the soil for a century, and then under that tree you will perhaps find another tree! It costs from a hundred to two hundred dollars an acre to clear such land; this the people of British Columbia say is what has prevented it from becoming an agricultural country. The people of British Columbia are unaware that they are telling what is not exactly true. British Columbia was peopled originally by miners and half-pay officers and men who did not propose to peddle or engage in small tasks. In proof of this let me quote the possibilities of the delta at New Westminster at the mouth of the Fraser, where great fields of alluvial soil have been heaped up and which can be bought for a very few dollars an acre. On it you can raise small fruits, large fruits, grass, everything that should make a country rich, that should make the tables of a province groan with plenty. They are reclaiming lands all through the province where a plough can be put in almost immediately, and yet nearly all their fruit and vegetables are imported from California. Nobody seems disposed to enter into or to organize the business of raising this sort of thing. There is rain enough—if there is anything against the Pacific coast it is too much rain—but for the small farmer, the man who wants a little piece of land and is willing to work, there is no place like British Columbia. It is so easy to live there that men get lazy. The possibilities of making a large fortune in mining are so plentiful that the small farmer, the market gardener, the butter maker, the manufacturer of cheese gets above his business and won't tackle it, and over the thousands of miles of prairie and mountain they bring their butter and cheese from Ontario right into the heart of British Columbia, where grasses are greener and more succulent than in Ontario and where they last the year round. It irritated me to see people neglecting their opportunities as they are doing in British Columbia. Shiploads of fruit and vegetables are carried from California to Victoria and Vancouver; trainloads of ham and bacon from Ontario, carloads of frozen beef from Calgary are being emptied into that province when they could raise everything themselves if they would only cure themselves of the mining fever and the town lot craze and get down to business. This I can say, if I were foot-loose and desired to build up a business or to have a ranch where the flowers bloom nearly all the year round, where a hard winter is the exception, where I could raise cows and make butter and cheese, and have fruits and vegetables and everything that make up the necessities of a family and the possibilities of an agricultural fortune, I feel quite sure I should settle in British Columbia, though between here and there there are a million chances for the poor man to become competent and for the man with a competence to become rich.

There is no better evidence that the strict sabbatarians have made a serious mistake in insisting upon the World's Fair being closed on Sunday than the fact that the workmen of Chicago are threatening to tear down the fences unless the order be rescinded. A dominant faction should take the greatest possible care not to pass an obnoxious law, for if the people hate the measure they are very apt to hate those who are the cause of its passage. One extreme is apt to lead to another, and

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"WHISPERED NOTHINGS."

periment, the same love of the land will build up in our North-West a people who will be as wide as the prairies in their ideas, as grand as the mountains in their conception of the duties of the citizen, as faithful as the citizens of the Fatherland in love for the country that gave them birth or sustenance.

True, there is a winter. In what land, in what life is there no winter? It has been my privilege to see the everglades and bayous of the South, where great trees festooned with the beautiful vegetable parasites make brilliant the low landscape where nature seems to spend the wealth of her resources. I have hunted and fished in jungles and tangles where flowers hung like a mist in one's face, where orchids and vines tangled about one's throat, yet these sunny lands so rich in vegetation are harder to reclaim than the forests of Ontario and are not richer in soil than the prairies of the West. Rains do not fall oftener nor does the sun smile more sweetly on such lands than on the prairies of Manitoba and Alberta. They lack the restfulness of the winter, the healthfulness of the northern climate; cattle do not grow as large, sheep are not as suited to the climate,

people think that the opportunities are all gone for making money in this great country which we are too apt to consider as the skirt of Ontario's civilization; they are a new civilization, and what they are doing may yet make us the skirt of the goddess of progress. Take Winnipeg for instance; it had its boom and its disaster, now it is getting its growth. The Manitoba Hotel is as large as the Queen's and the Rossin House put together and much more modern in its arrangements than either. On the school question Manitoba is in advance of all the other provinces in its conception of what the state should do to prevent sectarianism and illiteracy. Winnipeg itself is a marvel of what Eastern Canadians never do at home but which they invariably accomplish abroad. With regard to the capital of Manitoba they have not gone abroad, but have done their work within their own land, and it is good. They are never despondent. If the crops are poor this year, if there is a frost this year, if there is a pluck this year, times are always going to be good. They are always hopeful, and it is singular too that they are nearly always successful. They believe God has given them the greatest country on earth and they

more than the ordinary man knows of what can be done in stock-raising, ensilage, and the cultivation of the very grasses which were born upon the slopes which look down upon the Saskatchewan. Bright and beautiful is the vista that opens to the eye of the Eastern man as he looks over those great stretches of hills, and the best assurance of their productiveness is the line of elevators with their capacity for handling millions of bushels. These great buildings have not been reared without the thorough belief of capitalists that these valleys and hills are capable of producing a rich harvest, an almost unending harvest.

We talk about frosts up here. Of course there are frosts everywhere. In our dream life there are frosts which chill, and fears which make cowards of the most faithful lovers. Ask the pioneers of Ontario what they went through, gauge the change of climate cultivation has brought about here at home; then visit the Manitoba experimental farm at Brandon and you will find that after the long rest of winter that wonderful summer produces grains and grasses that tower above a man's head. Go farther west to Calgary and you get in the

THE PORTRAIT.

BY MALCOLM W. SPARROW.
Author of "Matawanda," "The Romance of La Tour"

WRITTEN FOR "SATURDAY NIGHT."

CHAPTER I.

One evening about two years after Dr. Richard Martin put out his "shingle" in the city of Toronto—by way of announcing himself to the suffering public as a practitioner of the healing art—that worthy young gentleman sat before his fire with hands clasped behind his head, feet struck out straight before him, and gaze concentrated upon the portrait of a beautiful young woman upon the wall. He was a handsome fellow, with a figure that appeared to advantage in a Prince Albert coat. His complexion was medium, and his features were finely cut. He had a Roman nose, a broad, prominent chin, a perceptive brow, and large hazel eyes which seemed to see everything at a glance. He wore a rather promising mustache, and his mouth, while denoting strength of character, was anything but severe. Not much was known of his history, as he was not an egotist; but everyone who passed his door believed him to be in very good circumstances. There were those who had known his father, however, and as the old gentleman was reputed to have been rich, after his death it was naturally supposed that as the young doctor was an only child he had inherited a very comfortable income. This of course was a pleasant thing to have the public believe, and since it gave him prestige, Martin was not disposed to dispute it. He was quite content with the manner in which fair Fortune had treated him, and although he was not a Vanderbilt in pecuniary affairs, he was indeed wealthy enough to be considered a very good catch by many a fair demoiselle. But fortunately to none of these had he succumbed.

It was mid-winter. Sleight bells jingled merrily in the street, and the passing car creaked loudly with the cold. The room, which was the doctor's library or study, was lighted with electricity. On the walls were expensive paintings, and here and there were excellent pieces of statuary, while the well filled book-cases and the furniture were of the very latest pattern. There was an expression of earnest contemplation upon Martin's countenance, and he was so absorbed in the picture before him as to be quite unconscious of the fact that there were voices in the hall. Presently there was a knock at his door, and a young man entered, wrapped in a heavy overcoat and furs. Martin turned slowly in his chair, then sprang to his feet.

"Why, hello, Jack, old man," he cried, extending his hand to the newcomer. "I'm glad you came over. Rather a cold night this, isn't it? Here, take off that coat and make yourself comfortable by the fire. I have been hoping you would drop in this evening, for I have something to show you."

"Then I'm glad I came," said the friend, while removing his coat and settling himself in a large arm-chair. "What is the curiosity this time? Skull and cross bones, or the missing link?"

"Neither. That is it up there," said Martin, pointing to the portrait.

"By Jove," exclaimed the friend, whose name, by the way, was Roberts. "What a beauty! Who is she?"

"I don't know," Roberts looked askance at Martin, with a twinkle of mischief in his eye, which presently faded and left him rather sedate.

"Ah, I see. A fancy picture."

"Yes, and no."

"Humph. Now, what am I to infer from that?"

"You see—"

"Well, I see that you are blushing, at any rate. Now come, old man, I am your most intimate friend, and I am deeply interested in your welfare. Tell me all about it and I forgive you."

Martin had turned to his desk and was fumbling among some papers. Presently he turned to Roberts and handed him a cabinet photograph.

"This is the original," said he. "I had my friend Reed make that one up there from it."

"And you say you don't know who she is?"

"I have not the slightest idea; have you?"

"No; never saw her in my life. But you must have seen her somewhere?"

"No, never."

"Then how do you know she has light brown hair and soft blue eyes?"

"I don't know."

"Oh, I see; there is where the fancy part of that painting comes in. Now, suppose you should chance to meet this demoiselle, and discover that instead of light brown hair she has red hair, instead of blue eyes she has gray eyes streaked with brown, and instead of that pink and white complexion she is tanned and freckled, how would you feel?"

"I should be disappointed of course. But I never expect to meet her."

to make a copy for me. I then went over to Reed and had him paint a portrait of it. The light brown hair, the blue eyes, and the complexion are my own suggestion. It struck me that it would be a fine addition to my collection, and that is why I had it painted. Now, I don't suppose there is anyone in existence who resembles that picture, for as you see I have changed it somewhat from the photograph."

"Quite true. But supposing there is someone whom that resembles and you should happen to meet her, it strikes me that you wouldn't feel very comfortable about it."

"No, I don't believe I should. But if there is such a woman in existence and I have the good fortune to make her acquaintance—well, the chances are ten to one that I shall think more seriously of matrimony than I do at present. That is, of course, provided she has not red hair and freckles as you suggest."

Roberts shook his head disapprovingly, then lighted a cigar, and for a time the two sat studying the embers.

The conversation drifted to current topics, and might have continued for some time had not Roberts sprung to his feet.

"Well, old man," said he, "I must go. I have to meet Louise at Mrs. Bentley's at nine o'clock. I have just fifteen minutes to get there. By the way, I suppose you will be at Mrs. Horton's to-morrow night? It is to be quite a swell affair I believe. I understand the party is given in honor of a charming lady visitor from the States. Now you will not miss that opportunity of studying a new subject, will you?"

"Oh, I shall be there. I am rather curious to meet this wonderful being of whom I have heard so much. I've no doubt she is a stunner."

"Well, be careful, Doc, she is rather captivating they say, and she may be only fooling, you know."

"Oh, no danger about that; I'm fire-proof."

And Martin smiled rather self-complacently. "Well, good night, old fellow."

"Good night, Jack."

The door closed upon Roberts' stalwart figure and Martin resumed his seat before the fire.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Horton's Jarvis street residence was lighted up from basement to attic. The porches and balconies were decorated with Japanese lanterns, and there were sweet strains of music to be heard ever and anon as the massive doors swung open to give admittance to the numerous guests. There was a merry jingle of bells outside as the sleighs drove up and discharged their loads of youth and beauty, then hurried down the street and out of sight. No one passed the house without looking up curiously at the illuminated windows. The music from Napolitano's Italian orchestra, as it rushed forth at different intervals, caught the ear of many a pedestrian, causing him to halt and listen until the biting atmosphere prompted him to resume his onward way. And there were certain envious individuals who could not refrain from making deprecating remarks over the festivities which the "bloodes" (to use their own expression) were having.

Dr. Martin's stylish turnout was among the last to arrive, and he stepped upon the frosty pavement with an air which hinted his indifference, if not his disapproval, of the whole affair. Half an hour later he had presented himself to Mrs. Horton, and had mingled with the happy crowd of ladies and gentlemen who thronged the parlors. He was late; it was his privilege to come late, being a physician, and on account of the dancing he was unable to find Roberts, or even to catch a glimpse of the young American whom he sincerely wished to meet. He stood chatting in his light bantering manner with a couple of old acquaintances, when the music suddenly ceased and the dancers began to resume their seats. Presently he caught sight of Mrs. Roberts, his friend's wife, and immediately made his way to her side. She greeted him cordially, and then began a lively repartee in which he might have been worsted had they not been interrupted by Roberts, with the American on his arm.

"Hello, Doc!" exclaimed Roberts in his jovial way. "So you did condescend to put in an appearance. I was beginning to think you would not be here."

Then turning to the lady at his side, he said: "Miss Barker, permit me to introduce my esteemed friend, Dr. Martin."

As Martin bowed it was quite noticeable that his face had grown pale, and that he was under restraint. Roberts and his wife exchanged glances of surprise. Roberts looked at Miss Barker's smiling face, turned again to Martin, saw that he was trembling and striving to overcome his feelings, whatever they were, then looked again at Miss Barker, and this time started himself so that his wife noticed it. It was only a moment, however, then all recovered and entered heartily into conversation, as if to forget the little something that had happened. A few minutes later Mrs. Horton approached to express her pleasure that Martin and her guest had met and were becoming acquainted. Martin was rather a favorite with Mrs. Horton, and she took a little pride in letting it be known.

"Richard," said she, during a lull in the conversation, "I have been requested to ask you to sing. Did you bring your music?"

"Well, no, I didn't think to bring any, but you have one of my songs here, if I remember, and Miss Barker will kindly favor me with an accompaniment, I shall try to oblige you."

With some hesitation Miss Barker complied, and they moved to the piano. The song was Lohr's Friends, and Martin rendered it beautifully; his rich tenor voice ringing melodiously through the room commanded the attention of everyone. It was his favorite song, and to-night he sang it better than ever. There was a hearty applause when he finished, and as he bowed to thank his accompanist, he saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"It is a beautiful song," said she, smiling.

"It is my favorite. I am glad you like it," said he.

"It is also my favorite," she answered, rising from the piano.

"Then I am doubly glad, since it proves that our tastes are somewhat alike. Friendship cannot be formed unless there is something of mutual interest between the parties concerned. I—I sincerely hope, Miss Barker, that we—that I—"

Martin's confusion was unusual. He hesitated only a moment, however, then turned upon his companion with a serious countenance.

"Miss Barker," said he earnestly, "I have just met you, but I flatter myself that I can read character, and I hope you will not deem me bold when I say that I would value your friendship very much indeed. While you are in Toronto, will you give me the privilege of calling upon you?"

She looked up into his face with searching eyes. No one had ever addressed her in this manner, on such short acquaintance, and her surprise was revealed in her expression.

"You looked at me then," said he, "as if you were searching for something. Did you find it?"

"I—I think I did," she answered, dropping her gaze.

"And yet you are doubtful," said he, somewhat piqued. "May I ask what it was?"

She looked up a little confused.

"Dr. Martin," said she kindly, "what you have said to me is out of the usual order, and I hope you will pardon me when I tell you that I was searching for the honesty which I hope accompanied your remark."

"And did you not find it?" said he, with an earnest look.

"Yes, I think I did."

"Thank you; and may I call?"

"I shall be pleased to have you call, Dr. Martin."

"Again I thank you."

After a moment's silence, he asked if she would not give him a place on her programme. There was but one vacancy, a Jersey, and he wrote his name. Then, as the orchestra began, a gentleman approached to claim her for the Lancers. Martin made his obeisance, then sauntered into the refreshment room, where he met Roberts. In an instant he was all excitement.

"Great heavens, Jack," he exclaimed, as Roberts came leisurely toward him. "Did you notice that face?"

Roberts looked quickly about him.

"Face, what face?" said he, with provoking obtuseness.

"Why, of the American, of course."

"Oh, why, yes, I believe I did. Rather pretty was it not?"

"Pretty, ye gods! It was divine."

"Well, yes, perhaps it was."

"You know it was beautiful; but do you remember the picture you saw in my room last night?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, did you notice the resemblance?"

"E-m-m, yes."

"Well, why the devil don't you tell me what you think?"

Roberts stared at this burst of impatience, elevated his brows, then taking Martin's hand, laid a finger upon his pulse.

"Humph," said he. "A little feverish. Rather too much excitement and not enough balancing power. Doc, I fear I shall have to take you home; you are not well."

Martin laughed, then pressed his question again.

"Well," said Roberts, "she might easily be taken for the subject of the portrait."

"Exactly what I think myself. Do you think it possible that she is the original?"

"Oh, yes, it is possible; but you must remember that the complexion of your painting is only imaginary. I certainly believe that the original of that photograph is redheaded and freckled."

"But Miss Barker resembles the painting more than the photograph. By Jove, it is a most remarkable coincidence. I never dreamed of such a thing."

"Well, I guess that fire-proof arrangement of yours has had a hard hit this time. Don't you think, Doc, it would be a good plan to get married and settle down? I believe you remarked last night that if certain things came to pass, you would change your views of matrimony. This little affair to-night looks as if there was a slight change in prospect, eh, Doc?"

And with a significant expression of countenance, Roberts poked Martin in the ribs with his thumb.

"Oh, thunder, Jack," exclaimed Martin with a show of impatience, "you are at it again. I believe you have matrimony on the brain. I shall have to prescribe an antidote."

"Yes, do, and label it Dr. Martin's Wedding, to be taken in one dose. You see, old man, there is nothing else for it; I am pining to pronounce my blessing upon you and yours."

Martin could not get satisfaction out of his friend, so he left him and strolled into the ball-room. His features wore a meditative expression and he seemed quite absorbed. Yet his gaze followed Miss Barker.

She was beautiful, there was no doubt about it. Slight and graceful, with a figure well defined, she glided about the room like a fairy.

Yet her charm was not altogether in her appearance. The sensualist would have passed her by. But the lover of refined womanhood would have unintentionally grown rude in his admiration. Her chief charm lay in her voice and the frankness of her deep blue eyes. She was not a spirited conversationalist, but she was attentive and perceptive. She was rather inclined to be reticent, and she had a way of looking at everything as if studying it minutely.

When she spoke, her tones were soft and musical, and the listener carried them away in his mind like the echoes of some delightful melody which he hoped to hear again.

Dr. Martin was enchanted, and as he gazed at her he longed for the time when he should claim her for the Jersey. To him the most remarkable thing about her was the likeness she bore to the portrait. He must know more about her. He must learn of her antecedents. For this purpose he started in search of Mrs. Horton. He found her talking with Mrs. Roberts.

"Here is the man who is thrown into con-

fusion by a pretty face," said Mrs. Roberts, as he came up smiling. "The distinguished Dr. Martin, whom every woman regards as an iceberg, has at last been thawed out, and by a pair of pretty eyes. Well, I hope the man will be the better for the melting. Miss Barker seems to be quite fascinating."

"I sincerely hope you do not regard Miss Barker as a coquette," Mrs. Roberts, said Mrs. Horton, a little stiffly.

"Oh, not at all, Mrs. Horton. I am not saying anything against Miss Barker. I don't wonder at her power over ice. Why, she has warmed me up to the liking point already. I mean to have her come to see me. I want to know her better, and I'll venture to say that upon this particular point I am voicing the cool and deliberate sentiments of Dr. Martin; am I not right, *Monsieur la Docteur*?"

"You have a most penetrating intuition, Mrs. Roberts," replied Martin. "You could probably see through a stone wall—provided there was a window in it. But joking aside, I must admit that Miss Barker is a very charming creature."

"Bertha is a clever girl, and a good one," said Mrs. Horton. "I find her one of the most agreeable companions I have ever known. She is an orphan, and is the niece of Colonel Branton-Smith of Cleveland, Ohio. It was while

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THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD BRANDS

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MUNGO - - - 5c.
CABLE - - - 5c.
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MADRE E HIJO 10 & 15c.

The Best Value
The Safest Smoke
The Most Reliable

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NO CHEMICALS
NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVORING
THE BEST VALUE

White Canvas Shoes

FOR
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

will be extensively worn at the

RACES

The idea is to keep cool and gather in everything in "sight."

McPHERSON

186 YONGE 186

See Cinderella Slipper Contest in "Ledger."

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General Steamship and Tourist Agency.
Different Canadian and New York Trans Atlantic Lines, Local, European and Foreign travel. Personally conducted on independent tours as passengers may elect.

72 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Change of Name

On the 1st of May we assumed our new name, namely:

The STANDARD FUEL CO., Ltd.

No change is made in the personnel of our management, but owing to the enormous increase in our trade it has been deemed advisable to take a name unidentical with any private individual. We sincerely and cordially thank the public for the generous patronage extended to us for many years past, and respectfully solicit a continuance of the same in the future.

Under our new name and with our greatly improved and improved facilities we hope to still further increase our already large business. In buying your fuel you will find it in your interest to place your order with us. A trial order is solicited. Remember the name—

The STANDARD FUEL CO., Ltd.

Formerly THE C. J. SMITH CO., Ltd.

General Offices, 58 King St. East

'Pones, 1836 and 863

NOEL MARSHALL, Vice-President and Manager.

W. LAUDER & CO.

Successors to J. Eveleigh & Co.

39 King Street West

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All Kinds of Traveller's Requisites.

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FOR A LIMITED TIME

We will, on receipt of

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In any form, forward prepaid, one of our elegant

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The DERBY CAPS will be found on all our goods—PLUG, CUT PLUG TOBACCO and CIGARETTES.

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FROM 50c. TO \$1 PER DOZEN

All other kinds of Flowers. Fresh and finest stock in the city.

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I have just received my first consignment of

MAPLE SYRUP

From the best Quebec makers.

My TEAS and COFFEES are unequalled for flavor, with prices to suit all.

Outing Dresses.

AN attractive and useful gown of gray-blue hop sacking is made with an Eton jacket and *fin de siècle* skirt with stitched edges, and otherwise untrimmed. The jacket, with wide short back and deeply pointed fronts, turns back in revers that broaden out in a wide flaring collar reaching over the sleeve-tops and quite deep across the back. Under this is a shirt waist of shot pink and blue bengaline, with wide drooping ruffles down the front. The half-circle skirt, four yards wide at the foot, fitted by darts below the belt, the only seam that down the back joining the selvages, is lined with shot taffeta of the colors in the shirt waist, and has a balayuse of the same. The sacking is turned up from the foot inside the lining, and, stitched in four rows four inches above the edge. There is no stiff interlining.

Another practical dress is of navy-blue hop sacking with skirt like that just described trimmed with two bias bands of black satin two inches wide, one near the foot, the second twelve inches above. Useful pockets with long curved stitched flaps are set in each side of the front. With this is a coat of the sacking reaching half-way to the knee, the back in full bell shape below the fitted waist, the front turned back, with large lapels and collar faced with black satin. Fastened inside the fronts so as to be easily removed is a vest of the sacking fitted smoothly by darts, and extending in a single piece from side to side. To replace this and give variety are vests of *pique* and dotted vesting, white, tan-color, or navy blue. Shirt waists may be used instead of vests in warm weather, and the coat serves as a blazer.

More fanciful dresses for the country and for yachting are of white serge or of white flannel with waving striped lines of red, black, or blue. They are made with a very full blouse waist cut down at the top to show a plastron of puffs of lawn and guipure insertion in cross rows, and they have a wide flaring collar of cloth the color of the stripe. These blouses are made over a fitted lining, and the end of the blouse is turned up and sewed to the lining to droop on a belt of cloth like that of the collar. This belt is sewed to the top of a skirt of four eored breadths of the material lined throughout with white mohair, and interlined or not, as the wearer chooses. The sleeves have a puff drooping to the elbow, and are close on the forearm. A youthful dress of white serge has a full skirt trimmed at the foot with a gathered ruffle of yellow satin ribbon six inches deep, and attached to a belt of the same ribbon laid in folds, then tied in a large bow at the back. The waist is a blouse of figured Persian wool, in which yellow prevails, gathered all around a collar band of yellow satin ribbon. White serge sleeves in mutton-leg shape fall beneath epaulette ruffles of serge, bordered with the yellow ribbon. Other country dresses differ in the color of the jacket and skirt, as an Eton jacket of *emineence* purple cloth with a skirt of tan-colored Russell cord. The jacket is edged with piping of tan Russell cord, and has some gilt buttons on the front. A mauve China silk shirt waist is worn under this purple jacket with pretty effect.

A novel feature on a blouse is a pelerine, or cape, covered with three very full bias ruffles, making the waist suitable alike for the street and house. The original models are of India silks in shaded stripes of yellow, pink, pale blue, Nile green, or lavender on white, with tiny dots of black. The waist is very full, shirred at top over a yoke lining, again at the waist on a belt lining, and extends six inches below, either inside or outside the skirt. Sleeves close up to the elbow have a large puff above, and are lined with French muslin, closely fitted. The pelerine is a half-circle cape of silk, only five inches deep, on which three very full bias ruffles of silk are mounted; that sewed to the end of the cape is five inches deep; the next, of the same width, laps two inches over the lower; while the upper ruffle, gathered in with the collar, is but four inches deep. These ruffles have a rolled hem at their lower edge. A stock collar of bias silk five inches wide meets in front in two shirred ruffles.

A curious fancy of the moment is the revival of the heart shape in jewelry. It is in lockets in particular that this design is being made, and what is another thing altogether, being worn. The locket, so long utterly out of fashion, is being once more fashionably donned. It is, of course, part of the revival of ancient fashion generally, and it gives an old-world look at once to see a little gold locket on a tiny gold chain dangling on the bosom. I learn, indeed, that in Paris ladies are even beginning to wear these same ornaments drooping on the forehead when in evening dress! This style of trimming the brow was common in the Empire days. The engraved portrait of Madame de Stael on my study wall shows that clever lady in a low gown and a ferocious turban of some striped material, relieved by a little dangling pendant in front. Such an ornament has prevailed from time to time, at any rate since Elizabethan days—that great statesman, but most feminine Sovereign, having generally worn what was then known as a "bob jewel." Hers was usually an immense pearl of great price, and of a pear shape. As we are apparently set on reviving old fashions of every description, we may be coming to this; and I think it would be very becoming to many of us. After all, it is the jewelers who profit by these whims, and they are no doubt at the bottom of many vagaries of fashion. To attribute "luck" or the reverse to a particular design or stone is one of the most convenient ways of pushing sales of novelties. A few seasons ago it was the lizard that was said to be a "lucky" shape; then the pig, and next the spider. Now the Parisian merchants are affixing the same promise to all articles made in the shape of the swan, for no reason that can be imagined but that it lends itself to a lame pun—*cygne de bonheur*. Some of the most unexpected people are found giving in to such whims.

Shirt waists of twenty different designs are shown in large shops, some of them well tried and familiar, and others equally pleasing with

new accessories—collarettes, surplis fold, front frills and berthas. The more elaborate waists are of silks—taffeta, surah, foulard, or wash silk, shot, dotted, striped, or figured. Ombre surah satins and soft-finished bengaline with dots amid stripes are used for recently imported waists. Simple and useful waists are of cottons that wash easily—pretty gingham with pin dots and stripes of color, plain Chambers, cotton chevrot loosely woven and cool, percales with colored figures, and pure white waists of lawn or nainsook that serve with skirts of any summer fabric.

An effective and youthful waist of shirred lengthwise puffs meeting an Empire belt of cross rows of shirring is charming when made of pale pink or blue surah, China silk, or pin-dotted Swiss muslin. A fitted saten lining is needed to hold the shirrings, which are drawn in three rows, then tacked to the lining. The front has more bouffant puffs than the back. Continuous breadths are used in front and back, ending below the crosswise shirrings in a puff of four inches, turned up and gathered to the lining. Three clusters of shirring down the back form four puffs with the side seams; the under-arm space is full and blouselike. The fastening is by hooks down the front under a shirred band. The high collar is drawn in folds around the neck and shirred in little frills in front. The sleeves, very full over a close lining, are massed in gathers in the armholes, and are shirred in four puffs to the elbows.

The waist with Derby collarette is very attractive when made of fine gingham with hair stripes of lavender, pink, or blue on white, the edges button-holed in scallops the color of the stripe. It has wide back and fronts, and an underarm form, is without lining, buttons in front, and extends six inches below the belt inside the skirt. The front is gathered to the collar, and again at the waist-line; the back has a double box pleat four inches wide. The high turned-over collar is of the gingham doubled. Full-topped sleeves taper to the wrist, and are turned back thence two inches and a half and faced outside with straight gingham to form cuffs. The Derby collarette, starting under the box pleat of the back, is gathered to the high collar, extends full over the sleeve-tops, and points low in front. A Swiss belt with pointed front is separate, and is made of the gingham double, with a seam down the front, and stitching at the edges.

A shirt waist of silk with a bolero jacket of cloth will be popular wear during the summer in the country. The waist is of shot taffeta silk very plainly made, gathered at the belt, plain at the top, and trimmed down the front with a bias ruffle gathered through the middle. This front ruffle droops softly, and is the important feature of waists worn with jackets. It should be eight inches wide when finished. The bolero of dark blue cloth has a short wide back and open fronts. A notched collar and revers with many rows of stitching are in the front. A single dart fits each front, and two brass buttons are set on the dart. This jacket has no lining.



"Johnnie, come right in here; I want to lick yer."
"Now what 'av I dun?"
"Ye ain't dun nothin', but the baby is awful bad and I want ter lick yer for an example ter him."—*Life*.



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

Building Sale

THIS house will close out the entire mantle stock at prices that throw even building sale prices in the shade. Every garment marked in plain figures.

Black and Navy Serge Jackets, \$2.75, were \$4; special line, \$3 worth \$5.
Three ply Clapes, navy and blue serge, cord edge, \$3.50, were \$5.
Black Worsted Jackets, \$3.75, were \$5.
Black Serge Jackets, lined throughout with shot silk, \$4, were \$5.50.
Capot, new goods, \$2, were \$4.
Ladies' Waterproofs, 75c, were \$3—special and un-
heard-of bargain.
Ladies' Waterproofs, \$2.25, were \$4; \$3, were \$5.50.
Ladies' Lisle Hosi, Fancy Ribbed, beautiful goods, in cardinal, grey, tan, black, absolutely stainless, 30c.
Ladies' Elastic Ribbed Vests, 4 for 25c.
Pretty Hosiery, all new shades, 25c, were 45c.
Whip Cords in dress stocks, 50c.
Table of Dress Goods, well assorted, 50c, were 75c, and \$1 line.
Black and Navy Serge, 25c, were 40c.
30-lb. Fancy Shirtings, 25c, were 50c.
Ceylon Flannels for Blouses, 30c.
Organdy Muslins, 17c, were 25c.
Summer Corsets, sizes 20, 21, 22, 40c, were \$1.

Prompt shipments a first principle in the mail order department. Order anything by letter.

R. SIMPSON

S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Entrance Yonge Street.
Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

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Linen Threads

UNEQUALLED FOR ALL PURPOSES

PEMBER'S HAIR STORE

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(4 Doors south of Arcade)



Ladies, our stock in Hair Goods are complete in Bangs, Waves, Wigs and Switches. We manufacture our goods from only first quality cut hair.
The latest designs in
HAIR ORNAMENTS
(Just imported)
are large and varied.
Our Ladies' Hair-dressing Rooms are complete in every particular, and ladies desiring their hair treated will receive the attention of skillful artists, at
PEMBER'S
Tel. 2975 127 Yonge St.

Christy Knives

BREAD-CAKE-PARING.

One Dollar per Set. Free by Mail.

Christy Knife Company,
30 Wellington St. E. TORONTO.
AGENTS WANTED.

LADIES

See the beautiful tan boots and shoes in our windows—
all our own make. Quality guaranteed and at lowest prices. These are the most elegant goods of this kind that have ever been shown here.



THE
J. D. KING CO., Ltd.
79 King St. East.

WALLACE'S

110 Yonge Street

Ladies' Tan Blouses (hand sewed) and Oxfords in all the modern designs, also a full assortment of Black.
In Gent's Boots and Shoes I have the newest styles in Tan, Hala, Blucher, Congress and Oxfords.
See the assortment in window. Note the address—

W. L. WALLACE, 110 Yonge St.

4 Doors south of Adelaide, West Side.

Have You Seen Our

Studies in Black & Tan

We mean those dainty lines of shoes for Ladies and Gentlemen, exquisite in style, perfect in fit, best in quality, economical in price, enduring in wear; in different widths and a variety of shades. If not, make it a point to call and examine our stock.

H. C. BLACHFORD

Importers and Dealers in the Finest Footwear made.

GODES - BERGER

The only natural mineral water now supplied to Her Majesty, the Queen of England, under Royal Warrant.

Professor WANKLIN, of London, Eng., states: "I have analyzed the Gode-Berger water, and find that it is exquisitely pure. Its saline ingredients are normal, just those required to form an excellent table water."

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Acting agent at Toronto:
AUGUSTE BOLTE
47 Colborne Street



PROF. DAVIDSON

The well-known Chiropodist has returned from his trip. Those who are suffering from Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Toe Nails will find him at his
Residence, 151 Jarvis Street.



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Ladies, our stock in Hair Goods are complete in Bangs, Waves, Wigs and Switches. We manufacture our goods from only first quality cut hair.
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ANCIENT DEVICES - MODERN

THREAD LOOPS ETC. BEFORE USE - AFTER

FOR FLAT SURFACES EDGE PATTERN

FRANCIS PATENT METAL LOOPS

OUT OF DATE. PERFECTION.

Francis' Patent Loop Hooks and Eyes

Well informed ladies are now free to admit that our Hooks and Eyes are the best and nearest article of the kind.
For Sale by Leading Dealers

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING

Having leased the premises recently occupied by the late MISS MORRISON, I have opened the same with an entirely new stock, comprising all the latest designs in

Parisian and American Pattern Hats and Bonnets

The Dressmaking Department under my own supervision.

MISS M. A. ARMSTRONG

41 King St. West, Toronto

When You Buy a Corset

Get one that will make you and your dress fit each other as they ought to and as they will if you get the right corset. The "Judo" is what you want. It is celebrated from one end of the world to the other as the "perfect fitting" corset. To be had only through

Mrs. THORNHILL

374½ Yonge St., Toronto

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On and after MONDAY, MARCH 20,

I will be prepared to show a

Choice and Well Selected Stock

of MILLINERY, to which all

ladies are cordially invited.

Miss Paynter

Is now prepared to offer her friends and patrons the

LATEST NOVELTIES

IN

Artistic and Fashionable Millinery

At her Millinery and Dressmaking Parlors

3 KING STREET EAST

(Over Ellis' Jewelry)

Miss M. P. BUCKSEY

Superior and Artistic Dressmaking

At Reasonable Charges

147 Church Street

Opposite the Metropolitan Church

MISS PATON

Is now prepared to offer her friends and patrons artistic,

fashionable Parisian Dinner and Evening Dresses at her

Fashionable Dressmaking Parlors at

R. WALKER & SONS,

33 to 45 King Street East.

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Mrs. J. P. KELLOGG, 15 Grenville St.

Ladies' Evening Gowns and Empire Effects a Specialty

High class costume after French and American measurements.

MISS MILLS, Dressmaking Parlors,

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Standard Dress Bones

"UNEQUALLED"

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The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive,

metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened

in a covering of superior satin. Can be

relied on not to stain, cut through at the

ends, or become detached.

Ask for Them

They are the Best

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All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchant

Throughout the Dominion

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At Chicago's Great Columbian Exposition

Are complete and very attractive.

Our space is 70 square feet of

show cases, and right near to the

tower of the main entrance to the

Canadian section. Our exhibits in

the line of Artistic and Fashionable

Hair Goods is the largest and finest

specimens of manufacture of Hair Goods for

Fashion, Protection, Convenience and

Neatness. Every article is made to be useful. Our

fashionable Summer Bangs are the

envy of all the ladies who see our exhibits, the orders pouring in, and

ladies after returning home send for Armand's Fashionable

New Bangs. Prices are \$4, \$6, \$8 to \$10, according to size, style and color. Our Coiffures are the admiration of visitors.

Mons J. Trancle Armand has returned from Chicago to receive orders.

Armand's Hair and Perfumery Store

441 Yonge and 1 Carlton, Toronto

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN REQUIRING

WIGS, TOUPEES, BANGS

WAVES, SWITCHES, &c.

Should inspect our stock. The very latest styles in stock

or made to order. Ladies' Hair Dressing Parlors always open. Only first-class artists employed.

Hair ornaments of all kinds. Prices low.

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Send for illustrated catalogue.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THE

"MONSOON" TEAS

Indian and Ceylon

The most delicious Teas on the market.

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Around Town.

Continued from Page One.

hundreds of thousands who are displeased by the closing of the Fair on Sunday are almost certain to rebel against the clerical influence which they contend has robbed them of a right. In their excess of denunciation not only are clergymen being made the object of their vituperation, but churches are included and sacred things which we should all love and revere do not escape. It is held by many that the sabbatarians were not so anxious to vindicate a principle as to exhibit their power. If this be true, their course has been singularly ill-advised, inasmuch as their weakness may be established. Their weakness is not in their adherence to the economic law that a man should not work more than six days out of seven, but in forgetting that the sabbath was made for man and not man for the sabbath. If we remember that the sabbath was made for man we cannot forget that He who said this was wiser than those who are seeking to interpret the meaning of His words. Taking the narrowest view of the sabbath, the view which the majority of strict sabbatarians hold, we know that circumstances must be permitted to alter cases. The foundation of the great mistake of which I speak is the fact that those who were loudest in their preachments against the Sunday opening of the Fair, were unaware of the condition of things in Chicago and consequently were unfit to advise.

A gentleman in charge of a Canadian exhibit told me in Chicago last Monday that there were over a hundred thousand people around the fences of the Exhibition buildings on the previous Sunday. They could not enter in to see what is called the "great white city," so they amused themselves as best they could on the outside. Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show got eighteen thousand of them at the afternoon performance; every gin mill, saloon and gambling house was crowded to the doors; cheap Johns and merry-go-rounds, rifle ranges and side shows reaped the harvest which should have gone to the encouragement of the managers who built that wonderful collection of gigantic buildings crowded with the handiwork of the great nations of the earth. Nor was this the worst of it; the men, women and children who were excluded denounced those who excluded them, and more injury was done to the churches than can be cured in years of preaching. Those who wanted to be entertained obtained entertainment of some sort; nobody was benefited and the great and holy cause of true religion was injured.

Workingmen in every country are gradually falling away from church-going because truth is made too abstract, creed too prominent, and good-living and generous conduct are becoming too rare amongst the most conspicuous professors of religion. Those who grind the workingmen hardest sit in the highest seats of the synagogue and are most lauded as the philanthropists of society and the backbone of Christianity. Workingmen will not, cannot be persuaded to sit in Christian communion with unjust taskmasters, and so they are drifting away into socialism; they would rather listen to the agitators who in great cities appeal to their hate and prejudice, who point out their hardships and magnify the injustice which deprives them of what seems to be a fair share of the world's wealth and happiness, than go to church. What are the clergymen doing to counteract this? They are continually forcing legislation which is to make the church the only place for working people to go on Sunday, thus adding to their grievances, inasmuch as these mistaken leaders are lessening what wage-workers esteem to be their pleasures and privileges. I know I have often been denounced as an advocate of a too liberal Sunday; I know, too, that it is useless to protest that I am not actuated by unbelief or a dislike of good things. In the sweeping fanaticism which seems just now to be in possession of the religio-social part of the community in America, there is no place between sabbatarianism and anarchy which the most dispassionate thinker can be permitted to occupy. The clergymen of the Unitarians, Lutherans, Episcopalians and Roman Catholics, are insisting that we must have a tight-shut Sunday or a wide-open hell. Again I ask them to remember that if they fall in a close Sunday they are forcing the people into the opposite extreme, though it is illogical and the result of its acceptance must be inconceivable disaster.

On my way back from the Pacific coast I had a couple of hours at the World's Fair in Chicago—too short a time of course to obtain anything but a general impression. I shall not attempt to convey any idea of the surpassing magnitude of those great structures and their contents. Indeed, I am doubtful if any writer has yet been able to find words which will convince a reader of the beauty of that aggregation of architectural magnificence. The fact that an electric railroad elevated high above the street can carry you for twenty minutes around those buildings and enable you to see but half of them, may be a suggestion of the vastness of the design. The pedestrian can scarcely see more than one building at a time, viewing it with its contents, in a whole day. Remembering this, it is not hard to believe that a couple of weeks would be necessary to see the exhibits in anything like an intelligent way. Twice as long would be required in order to describe them intelligently. The United States has excelled all previous records, and foreigners cannot but be impressed by the energy and capacity of a nation not much more than a hundred years old which has outstripped the oldest and wealthiest nations of Europe in a world's fair. In the wonderful Grecian square surrounded by buildings so vast in area and so lofty in dimensions, the beholder can imagine himself amidst the glories of Corinthian architecture when Greece and Rome were rivals in the size of their amphitheatres and in the gorgeousness of their pageants. All the nations of the earth seem to be represented in the motley throng that surges through the spaces between the great buildings. The foliage of every land

shadows fountains and lends beauty to the scene.

As yet the Exhibition is in a crude condition; it will be three or four weeks before the grounds of the exhibits will be complete. Those who wish to see the buildings and hope to escape excessive heat and an overpowering crowd may go now and indulge themselves in a half-completed show, and still be repaid tenfold for the expense and inconvenience which will probably be incurred. Yet I should advise intending visitors to delay their trip for a month, for not the least interesting of what is to be seen there will be the crowd itself. I imagine the hotel accommodation is likely to be sufficient, though Chicago streets are already busier at noon than I have ever seen them before.

But after the Fair will come the crisis. For months I have been reiterating the statement that there must be a commercial crash in the United States this fall. It has begun; little banks and weak concerns are tumbling everywhere. Nothing for nearly half a century has equaled the disaster which is impending. My traveling companion and I rode up and down California avenue in San Francisco, not two weeks ago, and found fully twenty per cent. of the handsome residences of this most prominent street on the Pacific coast tenantless. On every street we explored the record was as bad or worse. Portland, Tacoma and Seattle are equally unfortunate, and the great West, which resisted longest the wave of adversity which followed the centennial in '76, is already shrinking from a coming storm.

I think Canada has had her trouble first, that instead of being involved in the general disaster which I anticipate we in this Dominion will be able to survey with reasonable equanimity the trouble which the republic is preparing for itself. Industry has insured our people a good livelihood and speculation has not endangered our savings. In a few localities we have already suffered from permitting our fond hopes to lead us into dangerous investments, but we have paid the penalty and are recovering our equilibrium. I think instead of injuring us that the stability of our institutions, the carefulness and frugality of our people, the steady growth of our nation will become attractive to those who have been seeking sudden fortunes and finding sudden poverty in the speculative and thoroughly unsound condition of affairs in the United States. An old adage tells us that "every dog has his day." I think we are about to have our day. That long road which must have a turning is at its turning point in Canada; we have had the worst of it. It has been my fortune or misfortune to have been all over this continent, scarcely with the exclusion of a state or province, during the past two or three years, and I believe that it is Canada's turn. To use a New England expression, we have been more "forehanded" than our Yankee neighbors; the millions of great capitalists and of the high lives and high rollers who have sometimes made us envious, are largely on paper. I think in this country we have got a little something saved, some good round dollars that we can reach for in the time of necessity; it is only the foreign population of the United States that is in the same enviable condition. Amongst the capitalists and speculators who have impressed us as being wonderfully successful was Mr. Erasmus Wiman, yet we see his name wiped off the slate where millions have written themselves, and it is not at all improbable that the transfer of thousands of names from the same category will be made to the list of bankrupts. Canada is not in the slightest danger; we have had our little trouble; we have split what tears we had to split; now we are waiting for business and people, and we are likely to get both. I am a good deal of a pessimist, as my readers all know, but just now while I am a pessimist in the United States I am a thorough believer in the soundness and the hopefulness of our own country. We are all right, and I may as well confess that I am not sorry to see some bubbles pricked which have been far too alluring to the youth of this country, misleading to the politicians of this country, and unreasonably attractive to the people of other countries. We are going to have our innings, unless we are foolish enough to throw away the chance.

Social and Personal.

The most brilliant and successful afternoon which the Woodbine has ever seen was that of Wednesday last, when all that was most chic and stylish of Toronto society turned out in holiday guise to enjoy the brightness of a perfect race day. Matrons, dowagers, belles and girlish debutantes strolled about the grassy paddocks, perched in the boxes, reclined on the steps or mounted to the vantage ground of the roof, and the usual pretty excitement over the losses and gains of small feminine bets prevailed as pools were formed or proceeds handed over to some lucky fair one. The adage as to the good fortune of those who are most successful in affairs of coeur not reaching into affairs of chance was exemplified in the bankruptcy of several of the sweetest of our sweet ones, and walls of condolence were heard from sympathizing fellow sufferers when yet another belle added her name to the list of the "dead broke."

The presence of Prince Roland Buonaparte of Monte Carlo associations must have surely inspired some of the demure maidens and staid mammas who so recklessly put up their dollars on the risky race. The Prince and his secretary were notable figures in a prominent box. Another foreigner was Count Masugina, a pleasant-mannered Japanese lawyer, legal adviser to the Mikado, who was most pronounced in his opinion as to the enjoyment of an American race meet. Scores of strangers from near and far were upon the grounds. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Arthur and Miss Kirkpatrick were in a box in the new grand stand. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore a rich black silk gown with shot velvet sleeves, green trimmings, and a rose-crowned hat. Miss Kirkpatrick wore a light greenish gray gown, and

cape of green cloth, with hat to match. Mrs. G. Allen Arthurs wore a very elegant gown of green reppé silk in modish shade, with bows of green satin. Miss Arthurs looked a picture in green with bodice of green and perpendicular stripes of gold braid, and large chip hat. Mrs. James Crowther was charming in a dainty bright fawn gown of soft silk, with green garniture. The trimmings of narrow ruffles were arranged very stylishly in shell effects at the base of the skirt. The bonnet was a smart confection of lace and roses and green aigrettes. Miss Beatty of Queen's Park wore a lovely and stylish gown of pale blue and black, with large black hat lightly relieved with pale blue. Her sister was in a biscuit-colored gown, with sleeves and bands of petunia satin, the skirt being a three-flounce effect, and a charming hat crowning a noticeable costume. Miss May Walker wore a quaint frock of lustrous canary and violet changeable silk, with a skirt flounced to the belt and a double flounce *en pelerine*. A most novel and piquante little *chapeau* was worn with this pretty gown. Mrs. Moffatt was beautifully gowned in quiet gray cloth, and wore a lovely bonnet of green and gold on her blonde *coiffure*. She was a much admired promenade. The Misses Seymour were two pictures in pink and black and cream-white and green, and staked their money with the *sang froid* of the true lover of sport. Mrs. Walter Barwick was charming in a most becoming gown of striped silk, with claret colored velvet bands, large leghorn hat with pink roses and claret velvet, and cape of hunter's green velvet; Mrs. Allen Aylesworth wore an elegant half mourning toilet of black with white ruchings and a cloak of white, edged with dark fur—her large black hat was trimmed with lilies of the valley; the Misses Burnham were very stylishly gowned—one wearing a pure white Bedford cord dress with Irish lace, and sleeves, corset and foot-trimming of grass green velvet, chip hat, and salmon pink flowers, while her sister was gowned in fawn and heliotrope de laise with heliotrope ribbons and pretty chip hat; Mrs. John D. Hay and her sisters, the Misses Hendrie, were among the most noticeable of the brilliant throng. I heard many nice things said of them, and much admired Miss Tena Hendrie's white lace *chapeau*, with salmon pink flowers—it was most chic and becoming; Miss Hendrie wore a shepherd's plaid silk—a very effective black and white effect—and chip hat; Mrs. G. T. Denison wore a dainty gown of heliotrope and white, with hat to match; Miss Riordan was lovely in a stylish brocade, a large chip hat with lace and pink roses, and a long mouse-colored plush wrap; Mrs. Keble Merritt looked extremely well in a striped silk of *vieux rose* and white with plain silk vest and revers, and *vieux rose* hat and feathers; Mrs. Seales wore a novel gown of French material in green and petunia shot brocade, with elegant passementerie and large hat of lace and roses; Mrs. Brouse had also a very new and lovely gown of green under black and a pretty bonnet; Mrs. Harry Pellatt was in a plain and exquisitely cut dress of navy blue with braiding of black and large black and white hat and plumes; Mrs. Percy Beatty wore a delicately tinted gown of pink and pearl gray, and a most becoming small bonnet to match; Mrs. Auguste Blite was elegantly gowned in pale gray whipcord silk with royal purple velvet sleeves and Irish lace; Mrs. Campbell Macdonald wore a simply made dress of gray with two pinked frills of silk and long dove gray cloak, white chip hat and mauve feathers; Mrs. Riordan's gown was of shot green and black silk, black velvet cape, lined with pink, and pink and black hat with plumes; Mrs. George Crawford was in a heliotrope gown, with large green and heliotrope hat; Miss Miller of Buffalo wore a *vieux rose* changeable silk with white silk girdle and large black hat; Miss Maggie Gooderham was in pale blue and fawn, with trimmings of blue satin; Mrs. Hamilton Merritt was sweetly pretty in black and pale blue, with a charming *chapeau* to match; Mrs. Boswell wore a most lovely heliotrope costume; Mrs. Arthur White was *piquante* in striped silk and a very chic hat of white and canary color; Mrs. Dan Rose looked well in copper-color silk under black lace; Miss Drayton wore a quiet gown of stone gray, a pretty hat and triple cape with metallic braid; Mrs. Harry Symons was in a Japanese figured black silk and prettily trimmed bonnet; Mrs. Mackenzie looked well in a tan costume and bonnet; a very saucy little costume was worn by Miss Hoskin of greenish gray with *eau de Nile* silk frills, *en tablier*; Miss Lucy McLean Howard wore a very trim gown of cadet blue; Miss Ling was lovely in white Bedford cord and large white hat with roses; Mrs. Hume Brown wore a fashionable rainbow silk; Mrs. Fraser Macdonald was a very dainty figure in pale mauve with bronze green and large hat and veil; Mrs. Lyman Jones wore a handsome race toilette and wrap of gold and black brocade; Mrs. El. Cox wore a dashing costume of bright green and deep rose satin with a very large white hat crowned with roses; Mrs. Bristol was handsomely gowned in fawn with a leghorn hat trimmed with yellow; Mrs. Bantling looked lovely in blue and gray; Mrs. James Carruthers wore a stylish gown with folds of shaded velvet; Mrs. Campbell was in heliotrope and white; Mrs. Dawson wore a very rich black satin dress brocaded with small bouquets, and small bonnet; Mrs. Cosby was in striped silk with a handsome fawn and black velvet brocade mantle and black hat; Mrs. Melfort Boulton wore a beautiful *ombre* gown and pretty hat and veil; Mrs. Fred Cox was handsome and admired in a broadcloth gown of heliotrope, large white chip hat and plumes; Mrs. Peters of St. John was a very noticeable and piquante figure in violet crepon and pany velvet; another fair visitor was Miss Houston of Niagara in pale pink chambery. Among others present were: Sir Casimir Gzowski, Hon. Frank Smith, Mr. S. Nordheimer, Mr. A. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, Col. Fred, and Mrs. Danison, Judge Morson, Mr. and Mrs. David Walker, Mr. and Mrs. John Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, Miss Way, Miss Lybatt, Mr. H. Cawthra, Mr. Bertie Cawthra, Miss Mulock, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham of Waveny, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Col. and Miss Milligan of Bromley House, Mr. Burnham, Mr. P. H.

Drayton, Dr. and Mrs. Pyne, Mrs. Fred McQueen, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Nevelle, Mr. Barlow Cumberland, Mr. S. H. Jones, Mr. James Crowther, Mr. J. E. Thompson, Signor Pier Delasco, Mr. and Mrs. Farrar, Miss Hornbrook, Mr. Alfred Gooderham, the Misses Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, the Misses Lee, Dr. and Mrs. and Miss King, Mrs. and Miss McKinnon, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. and Miss McFarlane, Mr. and Mrs. H. Piper, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Pringle, Miss Temple, Major and Mrs. Harrison.

Yeadon Hall was again thrown open to the elite of Toronto society on Saturday last, when Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra gave a reception in honor of their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wilberforce Bryant of Stotee Falls, and Mr. and Mrs. Houston of Edinburgh, who are making a tour in this continent. Among the many present I noticed: Mrs. and Miss Kirkpatrick, Major and Mrs. Cosby, Col. Davidson, Mrs. and Miss Arthurs, Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. Alfred Gooderham, Mrs. and the Misses Dawson, Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Batty, Dr. and Mrs. Spragge, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Mr. Heath, Mr. Martland, Mrs. and the Misses Osler, Mrs. and Miss Newbigging, Mrs. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Monk, Mrs. Grant Macdonald, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mrs. Hamilton Jarvis, Miss Langmuir, Miss Crooke, Mrs. Harman, Mrs. Hoskins, Mr. and Miss Hoskins, Mrs. Prince, Miss Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. Clarkson, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hay, Miss Lesslie, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Temple, Mrs. Drayton, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Miss Emily Ramsay of Hamilton, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. J. D. Edgar, Miss Edgar, Miss Wilkie, Mr. Kelly Evans, Dr. Boulton, Rev. Mr. Gardiner, Rev. Mr. Manning, Mr. W. I. Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Bolte, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Merritt, and Miss Katie Merritt. Tals At Home was noticeable for the number of gentlemen who were present. Corlett's band was stationed on the veranda and fortunately the weather was warm enough to permit of the lawn being used for promenaders.

Mr. Elmes Henderson has taken the Island residence of Col. Sweny for the summer.

Mrs. Langmuir returned from a month's stay in New York on Monday.

Mrs. W. J. Baines had a delightful tea on Monday last. It is seldom that an afternoon entertainment boasts of so many of the sterner sex. The billiard table, which was utilized as a refreshment table and decorated with quantities of wild white lilies, presented a very inviting appearance. About two hundred people availed themselves of Mrs. Baines' invitation, amongst whom were: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Grasset, Mrs. Edmund Morris, Mrs. Spragge, Mrs. George Harman, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Mrs. Boswell, Miss Riordan, Miss Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra and their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Wilberforce Bryant and Mr. and Mrs. Houston, Miss Perkins, Mr. George Hagarty, Mrs. Armour, Mr. and Mrs. Bolte, Mrs. Bristol, Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Miss Crooke, Captain Barnes, Mr. Morrow, Mrs. Hay, Lieut. Col. Davidson, Miss Lesslie, Mrs. Beatty, the Misses Beatty, General and Mrs. Sandham, Mrs. Baker, Miss Maud Yarker, Mrs. Ford, Mr. H. D. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Pipon, Miss Rutherford, Mrs. Charles Grasset, Mrs. and Miss Hagarty, Mrs. Charles and Miss Gertrude Temple, Mrs. E. B. Temple, Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. S. S. McDonnell, Mrs. and Miss Parsons, Mrs. and Miss Hoskins, Mr. Audry Hoskins, the Rev. Mr. Bullock, Mrs. Harman, Miss Cayley, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnold, Mrs. Wadsworth, Miss Ridout, Miss Cosens, Miss Skae, Mrs. Ryerson, Miss Strachan, Miss McMicking, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mrs. Mackray, Mr. B. Reilly, Mrs. Searth, Mrs. Todd, Mrs. Ireland, Dr. and Mrs. Grasset, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. Anilius Jarvis and Mrs. Cosby.

General and Mrs. Sandham are spending the summer at The Hall with Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski.

The performance of William Tell by the Orpheus Society on Tuesday evening, under the direction of Signor D'Auria, was a large undertaking and achieved a most pleasant success. It is a thousand pities that such events are rare in our city, owing to the lack of a proper building in which to celebrate them. Those who attended the Tuesday night performance with a disposition to aid and approve could overlook many small shortcomings and accord sincere praise to much that was extremely good. In spite of the bare and

Continued on Page Thirteen.

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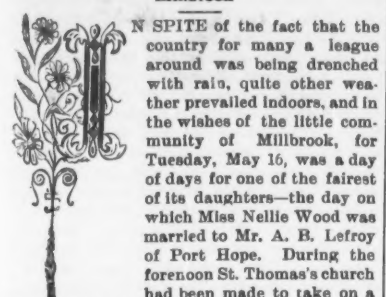
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May 27, 1893

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

5

Millbrook



IN SPITE of the fact that the country for many a league around was being drenched with rain, quite other weather prevailed indoors, and in the wishes of the little community of Millbrook, for Tuesday, May 16, was a day of days for one of the fairest of its daughters—the day on which Miss Nellie Wood was married to Mr. A. B. Lefroy of Port Hope. During the forenoon St. Thomas's church had been made to take on a May-month look, all unmindful of the storm of rain outside. The children of the Sunday school, in which Miss Wood has been a teacher, had gathered a rich supply of wild flowers, which have grown this spring in such abundance, and her fellow-teachers took this graceful way of showing their good-will and wishing her God-speed, by decorating the chancel of the church. Wreaths of snow-white trilliums and shining golden marsh-marigolds, with violets and many smaller wood flowers, upon a background of evergreen sprays, decked the altar railing and choir seats, while a profusion of house flowers lent their sweet fragrance and their beauty to make the occasion a joyous one. Punctually at half-past nine o'clock the bride passed up the aisle resting upon the arm of her father, Mr. Archibald Wood, and was received at the chancel steps by the groom, who had the friendly assistance of Mr. J. A. Woodhouse of Port Hope. The bride was a picture of loveliness in a beautiful gown of white bengaline en train, with veil and orange blossoms, wearing a pearl necklace and diamond bracelet, the gift of the groom, and carrying a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaids were: Miss Bell of Hamilton, Miss Dymont of Barrie, and Miss Margaret Wood, sister of the bride. They wore gowns of light summer silk trimmed with pale green bengaline, and white leghorn hats. Dr. Neidler of University College, Toronto, and the bride's brother, Mr. W. T. Wood, acted as ushers. The time-hallowed, beautiful Church of England marriage service was conducted by the Ven. Archdeacon Allen, assisted by the Rev. W. Cartwright Allen. As the bridal procession, after the usual formalities of the vestry, passed down the aisle again, Mendelssohn's ever-new, ever-joyous Wedding March pealed forth from the organ, played by Mrs. W. C. Allen. The wedding party and guests repaired to the home of the bride's parents, where a reception was held and a choice collation partaken of. Amid showers of rice from friendly hands, and not without a parting shot from the good old shoe, the bride passed from under the parental roof on the arm of her husband, and the newly wedded couple left by train at 4.40 for New York and other American cities on their wedding tour. In the evening a dance was given by Mrs. Wood in the town hall, which had been prettily decorated for the occasion, the music being supplied by an orchestra from Bowmanville. The list of invited guests included: England—Miss M. Dampier of Brulau, Somerset, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Dampier of Brighton, Capt. B. Lefroy, Mrs. Lefroy and Miss Lefroy of Little Hampton, Sussex, and Miss C. Dampier of Bath, Ireland—Mr. and Mrs. Minchen of Dublin, Mr. R. Lefroy, the Misses Lefroy, Mrs. Turbeth, Mr. R. Turbeth and Mr. B. L. Turbeth of Alley, Kildare, Hamilton—Mr. J. Park, Miss Park, Miss Turner, Miss Bell and Messrs. Bell, Turner and Glasgow. Barrie—Mr. and Mrs. Dymont, Mr. and Mrs. S. Dymont and the Misses Dymont, Toronto—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Wadsworth, Mrs. and the Misses Bayly, Mrs. and the Misses Durand, the Misses Lefroy, Miss Rodie Campbell, Messrs. W. L. Lefroy, W. J. S. Gordon, B. Welsh, G. H. Neidler, H. L. Parsons and W. M. Allen. Strathroy—Mr. and Mrs. Gower. Galt—Mr. and Mrs. Greenhill. London—Mr. and Mrs. Dampier, Mrs. and Miss Burwell, Messrs. Sheriff, Kilgour, Beck, Cox and Gillespie. Ingersoll—Dr. and Mrs. Walker. Port Hope—Mr. and Mrs. Andros, Mr. and Mrs. Baines, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Lauder, Miss Marmon, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Howden, Messrs. Ward, Woodhouse, Sander, Brown, Evett and Wilson. Newcastle—Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wilmot. Bowmanville—Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Allen. Millbrook—Archdeacon and Mrs. Allen, Rev. W. C. and Mrs. Allen, Mr. and the Misses Hills, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hills, Dr. and the Misses Turner, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Neidler, Mr. J. A. and the Misses Vance, Misses Burton, McCartney, Fair, Eakins and Russell, and Messrs. Smith, Elliott, Niddrie, Clarke, Eakins, Neidler and Turner. NIGER.

Collingwood.

The more enthusiastic followers of the racquet recently decided to organize a lawn tennis club here. Their attempt was a success, twenty-five joining as active members. The club is called the Vantage Lawn Tennis Club of Collingwood, and the following form the executive committee: Hon. president, Mr. Chas. Samon; president, Mr. C. W. Tobey; vice-president, Miss F. McMaster; sec.-treas., Mr. F. S. Rounthwaite; committeemen, Messrs. A. McD. Knight, F. W. Churchill and C. A. Kineer. The club intend to open the season on May 24 with a grand club tournament.

Brockville.

With a few more days of sunshine the Islands will be looking their best, and the hot days soon to come will add a thousand or more to the population of this vicinity.

Mr. John Stinson, for years the principal purveyor of band music here, is to receive a benefit on Monday night. Mrs. (Dr.) Cornell, Miss Carrie Braniff, and Miss F. H. Fulford, lately of Leipzig, Allan Turner, E. H. Bissett, the Bryant Bros., A. L. Murray, W. J. Gilmour, R. Driscoll, and J. E. McGlade will assist. The 42nd Battalion band and the Fulford-Rees Orchestra are also down for some fine numbers.

The Burglar held the boards here this week, and played to a very small house.

Our English Girls placarded the bill boards here with some rather bad posters, announce-

ing their appearance next week, when the Rev. Dr. Saunders put in a protest against the character of the posters, and Mr. John L. Upham, chairman of the property committee, ordered them partially covered, and it was done.

I regret to announce the death of Mrs. Chaffee, relict of the late Benjamin Chaffee, one of Canada's most prominent old-time contractors. It was he who, upon the contractors of the Victoria Bridge failing, took up the work and successfully completed it. He also carried on a large ship yard, turning out a number of steam and sailing vessels of large size. He lost heavily on some of his contracts and was forced to assign, but, nothing daunted, he began over again, made a competency, paid up every dollar he owed with interest in full, and on his death left his widow comfortably provided for. The estate, which is large, will now be divided.

Mr. J. M. Ingersoll, formerly of Woodstock, who for many years has represented Messrs. Benny, McPherson & Co. of Montreal, and resided here, has been compelled to relinquish work owing to continued ill-health. He takes his departure for Woodstock, where his own and Mrs. Ingersoll's friends live. We all regret their departure. BROCK.

Lindsay.

On Thursday evening of last week a lecture was delivered in the hall of the Collegiate Institute by the Rev. Prof. Clark of Trinity College, Toronto, on the Water Babies. The professor handled the subject in his well known style and the large audience went away well pleased.

Mr. B. Ross has returned from Port Hope, where he has been spending a week on sick leave.

A meeting of the Lindsay Canoe Club was held last week in their club house, at which the following officers were elected: Mr. Stewart, captain; Mr. Gossage, mate, and Mr. Chisholm, purser. We hope the captain will arrange some excursions on the river this season. This was done with great success some years ago and there is no reason why the custom should die out.

Mrs. Butnell of Saginaw, who has been in town for the last week visiting Mrs. Knowlson, has taken a cottage at the Point and will remain there for the summer.

Last Saturday a surprise party took place at Mrs. Hopkins', where a number of young ladies and gentlemen turned up quite unexpectedly. However, their charming hostess was delighted to receive them and the evening was spent very pleasantly. INO.

The Irish in Battle

It is a favorite condescension of Sassenach speakers at St. Patrick's banquets to stifle the celebrating Celts with the veiled sarcasm: "You have conquered every country but your own; how strange that you have never turned your great powers to Ireland!" Irishmen listen to this faint praise, this hardly civil leer, year after year, and cheer the satirist to the bottom of the bottle. When Rome had made civilization a trust and held all known lands under the rod, it was a favorite amenity at feasts and in social oracles to laud the Greeks and confess the superiority of Hellas to all existing peoples. Just before great wars—or wars in which the Briton finds that his purse is going to be filled—the heroism of the Irish is a topic exploited with cynical fervor. The wonders they performed under the flag of St. George are recounted, and the names of battles and places arrayed in long lines that involve a new study of the earth's surface.

Recently there was an animated, vehement discussion going on in a metropolitan journal as to the presence and number of the distinctively Irish engaged in Burnside's blundering onslaught upon St. Mary's Hill, at Fredericksburg in 1863. Not long ago some querulous American scouted the inspiring incident that preceded the immolation of the Irish Brigade near the Devil's Den at Gettysburg. The leading regiments were aligning to make a charge or meet the swarming ranks in motion before them. As if by instinct, a priest fled ahead of the forming phalanx, motioning the leading color sergeant to raise the flag; then, holding up his hands in the attitude of benediction, dropped on his knees and raised his voice in prayer. So careful an historian as the writer of the Count of Paris's history of our civil conflict declares that the line of battle sank silently upon its knees and for one inexpressible moment war and piety stood face to face. But next moment full half the devout soldiery were laid low; but they had not prayed in vain, died in vain. The rebel hosts, fired by an equal love and equal valor, a serene confidence—for they had the prestige of unchecked victory—were batted, withered, scattered. The Irish, who couldn't win a conquest at home, could destroy the Texan daredevils of the audacious Hood. This, like all other evidences of the Irish devotion to alien interests, is now, like a hundred score others, questioned, cogently disproved, and readily denied.

There are three hundred years of just such denial. In 1660 there were from 25,000 to 30,000 Irish refugees in the armies of France, while 40,000 other Irish unfortunates swelled the armies of England or King James. After the treaty of Limerick the official existence of The Irish Brigade is recorded in state papers and the actual glory of the body attested in scores of historical papers. Of the hundred battles and the fifty years' campaigns in which this astonishing phalanx took part, it would require a volume to tell in full. Two or three episodes, which even in an age of military darddevility rang through Europe, will prove that the disputed intrepidity of the Irish in the war between the States was a heritage, not an accident, to men of Irish blood.

In 1702 the city of Cremona was the headquarters of the French army. The town, like all cities in those days, was commanded by a citadel. The Austrians, under the renowned Prince Eugene, were completely checked while the French held Cremona. Marshal Villeroi, the commander-in-chief of the French, was a friable who knew little of war and the Germans made little account of him. Arthur Dillon and Walter Bourke, in command of 600 men of the Irish Brigade, held the principal gate of the city opening to the bridge across the Po.

Prince Eugene, who never despised treason or artifice to gain his ends, corrupted a friar to

open a passage between the cellar of his house and a sewer that emptied into the Po. Villeroi maintained no discipline. Before daylight on the morning of February 1, 1702, Prince Eugene had 500 men in the city ready to open the gates to his army corps, while another body, under the Prince of Vaudemont, 5,000 strong, attacked the Po gate where the 600 Irish were on guard. By the merest accident an ambitious young French colonel was out with his regiment in the public square, drilling, at four o'clock in the morning. He discovered the strange body moving towards the gates, and just before they were flung open he beset the entering masses with fury. Villeroi, meanwhile, and all the ranking French officers had been captured, and Cremona, the key of the French position, was in the hands of the enemy.

The 600 Irish were beset by 5,000 Germans. Indeed, at first there were but 250 Irishmen, under Major O'Mahoney, who held the gate. The rest arrived and then charged the leading lines of the Prince of Vaudemont. For nine hours this 600—charged by cavalry, beaten upon by artillery, accessible from both flanks—held the walls and bridge. Indeed, during the heat of the conflict a body of fifty moved under a musketry fire some distance down the river and burned a bridge that would have enabled the enemy to concentrate greater forces on the besieged *tête de pont*. Fifty times the Austrian *cuirassiers*, by sheer force of weight, plunged over the obstacles and struck among the heroic Irishmen. They were beaten back, slaughtered, captured, every time. Prince Eugene, confident that he had won the town, as he was unmolested in the City Hall, learned of the desperate resistance. Prince Vaudemont was ordered to carry the entrance at any price; but he sent word that bone and muscle were well nigh worn out. Prince Eugene then resorted to his favorite tactics. There were Irishmen in the Austrian ranks as well as in the French. The Prince selected one of these, Captain MacDonnell, an aide on his staff, to go to O'Mahoney and offer him a dazzling bribe and any other recompense within reason he might name. O'Mahoney's answer was to send MacDonnell under guard to prison, and a message of defiance went back to the Prince. At six o'clock in the evening, after fighting from four in the morning, the Austrians acknowledged the Irish unconquerable, withdrew from the part of the town he had won, carrying with him the French Marshal and all the leading personages of his staff.

In this incredible contest the Irish 600 was reduced to 260—88 of which were officers! The faithful O'Mahoney was sent as bearer of the dispatches announcing the event to Louis XIV.—a mission always equivalent to promotion under that monarch.—Illustrated American.

He Talked too Much.

"It ain't no sign of bravery ter abuse folks over a high fence or from t'other side of the river," said the captain, tilting the keg on which he was sitting so that his back might rest against the fish house. His companion sat by mending his nets. "Now, when I was quite a lad," he went on, "I had an experience that showed me what uncommon poor policy it is to be too funny—even at a distance."

"How was that?"

"Well, I was put in alternate cap'n on one of them steamers that runs in Frenchman's bay, an' being young and tolerable successful I got to thinkin' I knowed pretty much the whole of it."

"One day we was layin' at the wharf loadin' the freight on, an' I see a little man walkin' up and down waitin' ter go aboard. He was a

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pompous-lookin' individual, an' follerin' and hangin' on his words was two or three men that seemed to consider what he said as golden speech.

"I kept thinkin' that I wished it would come time ter start when he was way up t'other end of the wharf, an' sure enough, just as he got much as a rod away it was time ter pull out."

"I pulled the whistle an' waited full time, but he turned round mighty moderate an' come toward the plank. The men commenced ter haul it on, an' we fell back from the wharf. Then he broke into a run an' waved his hat an' shouted."

"When we was clear of everything I hollered back, 'Hurry up, little chap, or you'll hev ter walk!' an' a lot of such talk, when I got a signal from the cap'n that was 'longside ter put back, an' findin' somethin' unusual was up, I hed to."

"The men lowered the plank, an' the little man walked on board an' right up ter the pilothouse an' passed me his card."

"He was the owner of the whole line of steamers, an' he says, very slow an' kind: 'Speaking of walkin', praps you'd better go ashore now 'fore they draw the plank in. We sha'n't need you on this trip.'"

"What did you do?"

"Do? Why, I went of course, an' my assistant run the trip. The matter was fixed up, but when I make a joke now I take keer it's one that ain't comin' home ter roost."—Youth's Companion.

"Do you find it hard to keep your boy in clothes?" "Yes, particularly in bedclothes. He kicks 'em off every blessed night."

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All Along the River

By MISS M. E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Venetians, or All in Honor," "Aurora Floyd," "The Cloven Foot," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Just As I Am," "Taken at the Flood," "Phantom Fortune," "Like and Unlike," "Weavers and Weft," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER XXIV—CONTINUED.

SO, FULL CONTENT SHALL HENCEFORTH BE MY LOT.

Allegra's wedding day had dawned—a glorious day—a day to make one drunken with the beauty of sky and earth; a day when the retort in the Piazza di Spagna sat and dreamt on their coach boxes—stupid with the sun—when the crimson and blues in the garments of the flower women were almost too dazzling for the eye to look upon, and when every garden in the city sent forth tropical odors of roses steeped in sunlight.

The church in which the lovers were to be made one was a very homely temple as compared with the basilicas yonder on the hills of Rome. But what did that matter to Allegra this morning as she stood before the altar and spoke the words which gave her to the man she loved? A flood of sunshine streamed upon the two figures of bride and bridegroom, and touched the almost spectral face of the bride's sister-in-law, a face which attracted as much attention as the bride's fresh bloom and happy smile. It was a face marked for death, yet beautiful in decay. The large violet eyes were luminous with the light that never was on land or sea—the light of worlds beyond the world we know. There was something loftier than happiness in that vivid look, something akin to exaltation—the smile of the martyr at the stake—the martyr for whom Heaven's miraculous intervention changes the flames of the death-pile into the soft fanning of seraphic wings; the martyr unconscious of earthly pains and earthly cruelties: who sees the skies opening and the glorious company of saints and angels gathered about the great white throne.

Father Rodwell saw that spiritual expression in the pale wasted face, and he told himself that a lost soul could not look out of eyes like those. If death were near, as he feared, the true repentance for which he had prayed many an earnest prayer was not far off.

Bride and bridegroom were to leave Rome by the mid-day train. Colonel Disney was going to see the last of them at the station, but Isola and her sister-in-law were to say good-bye in the vestry, and to part at the church door. And now Father Rodwell's brief but fervent address had been spoken; the wedding march pealed from the organ; and the small wedding party went into the vestry to sign the registers.

Isola was called upon for her signature as one of the witnesses. She signed in a bold, clear hand, without one tremulous line, her husband looking over her shoulder as she wrote. "That doesn't look like an invalid's autograph, does it, Hulbert?" he asked, snatching at every token of hope, unwilling to believe what his doctors and his own convictions told him—expecting a miracle.

They had warned him that he could not keep her long. They had advised him to humor her fancies, to let her be present at the wedding, even at the hazard of her suffering afterwards for that exertion and excitement. She would suffer more perhaps—physically as well as mentally—if she were thwarted in her natural wish to be by Allegra's side on that day.

All was finished. Neither church nor law could do anything more towards making the lovers man and wife. The law might cancel the bond, but the part of the church was done for ever. In the eye of the church their union was indissoluble.

Isola clung with her arms round Allegra's neck.

"Think of me sometimes, dearest, in the years to come. Think that I loved you fondly. Be sure that I was grateful for all your goodness to me," she said tearfully.

"My own love, I shall think of you every day till we meet again."

"And if we never meet will you remember me kindly?"

"Isa, how can you?" stopping the pale lips with kisses.

"You may be glad to think how much you did towards making my life happy—happier than it ought to have been." Isola went on in a low voice. "Dearest, I am more glad of your marriage than words can say; and, Allegra, love him with all your heart, and never let your lives be parted—remember, dearest, never, never let anything upon this earth part you from him."

Her voice was choked with sobs, and then came a worse fit of coughing than she had suffered for some time, a fit which left her exhausted and speechless. Her husband looked at her in an agony of apprehension.

"Let me take you home, Isa," he said.

"You'll be better at home, lying down by your sunny window. This vestry is horribly cold. Hulbert, if you and Allegra will excuse me, I won't see you off at the station. Father Rodwell will go with you, perhaps. He'll be of more use than I could be, and we shall see each other very soon again in Switzerland, please God."

"Yes, yes. There is no need for you to go," Hulbert answered, grasping his hand, distressed for another man's pain in the midst of his own happiness. There death, and the end of all joy—here the new life with its promises of gladness just opening before him. Such contrasts must needs seem hard.

They all went to the church door, where the carriages were waiting, stared at by a very small crowd, only faintly interested in so shabby a wedding—a poor array of one landau and one brougham, the brougham to take the travelers to the station, where their luggage had gone before by another conveyance.

The two women kissed each other once more before Allegra stepped into the carriage, Isola too weak for speech and able only to clasp the hands that had waited on her in so many a weary hour; the clever hands, the gentle hands, to which womanly instinct and womanly love had given all the skillfulness of a trained nurse.

Disney half lifted his wife into the landau,

Father Rodwell helping him, full of sympathy. "You'll dine with us to-night, I hope," said the Colonel. "We shall be very low if we are left to ourselves."

"I've an engagement for this evening—but, yes, I'll get myself excused, and spend the evening with you, if you really want me."

"Indeed we do," answered Disney heartily; but Isola was dumb. Her eyes were fixed upon the distant point at which the brougham had disappeared round a corner, on its way to the station.

CHAPTER XXV.

"GONE DEEPER THAN ALL PLUMMET SOUND."

Church bells are always ringing in that city of many churches, and there were bells ringing solemnly and slowly as Isola walked feebly up the two flights of stairs that led to Colonel Disney's lodging. She walked even more slowly than usual, and her husband could hear her laboring breath as she went up, step by step, leaning on the banister rail. He had offered her his arm, but she had repulsed him, almost rudely, at the bottom of the stairs. They went into the drawing-room, which was bright with flowers in a sunlit dusk, the sun streaming in through the narrow opening between the shutters, which had been drawn together but not fastened. All was very still in the quiet house, so still they could hear the splash of the fountain on the piazza, and the faint rustling of the limes in the garden.

Husband and wife stood facing each other, he anxious and alarmed, she deadly pale, and with gleaming eyes.

"Well, she is gone—she is Mrs. Hulbert now, and she belongs to him and not to us any more," said Disney, talking at random, watching his wife's face in nervous apprehension of—he knew not what. "We shall miss her sadly. Aren't you sorry she is married, Isola, after all?"

"Sorry! No! I am glad—glad with all my heart. I have waited for that."

And then, before he was aware, she had flung herself at his feet and was kneeling there, with her head hanging down, her hands clasped—a very Magdalen.

"I waited—till they were married—so that you should not refuse to let her marry—his brother—waited to tell you what I ought to have told you at once, when you came home from India. My only hope of pardon or of peace was to have told you then—to have left you forever then—never to have dared to clasp your hand—never to have dared to call myself your wife—never to have become the mother of your child. All my life since that day has been one long lie, and nothing that I have suffered—not all my agonies of remorse—can atone for that lie, unless God and you will accept my confession and my atonement to-day."

"Isola, for God's sake stop."

Again the racking cough seized her, and she sank speechless at his feet.

He lifted her in his arms and carried her to the sofa, and flung open the shutters and let the light and air stream in upon her as she lay prostrate and exhausted, wiping her white lips with a blood-stained handkerchief. He looked at her in a kind of horrified compassion. He thought that she was raving, that the excitement of the morning had culminated in fever and delirium. He was going to ring for help, meaning to send instantly for her doctor, when she stopped him, laying her thin, cold hand upon his arm and holding him by her side.

"Sit down by me, Martin—don't stop me—I must tell you—all the truth."

Her words came slowly, in gasps; then with a great effort she gathered up the poor remnant of her strength, and went on in a low, tremulous voice, yet with the tone of one whose desperate resolve was stronger than sickness, stronger as death itself.

"There was a time when I thought I could never tell you—that I must go down to my grave with my sin unrevealed, and that you would never know how worthless a woman you had loved and cherished. Then, on my knees before my God, I vowed that I would tell you all, at the last, when I was dying. Death is not far off now, Martin. I have delayed too long—too long! There is scarcely any atonement in my confession now. I have cheated you out of your love."

He looked at her horror-stricken, their two faces close to each other as he bent over her pillow. No; this was no delirium—there was a terrible reality in her words. The eyes looking up at him were not bright with fever, but with a light that shone from the steady, resolute soul within—the soul panting for freedom from sin.

"You have cheated me out of my love?" he repeated slowly. "Does that mean that you lied to me that night in London—that you perjured yourself, calling God to witness that you were pure and true?"

"I was true to you then, Martin. My sin had been repented of for years. I was your loving, loyal wife, without one thought but of you."

"Loving, loyal!" he cried, with passionate scorn. "You had deceived and dishonored me—you had made your name a by-word—a jest for such a man as Vansittart Crowther—and for how many more! You had lied, and lied, and lied to me—by every look, by every word that made you seem a virtuous woman and a faithful wife. My God, what misery!"

"Martin, have pity!"

"Pity! Yes, I pity the women in the streets! Am I to pity you, as I pity them? You, whom I worshipped—whom I thought as pure as the angels—wearing nothing of earth but your frail loveliness, which to me always seemed more of spirit than of clay. And you were false all the time—false as hell—the toy of the first idle profligate whom chance flung into your path! It was Lostwithiel. That man was right. He would hardly have dared to talk to you as he did if he had not been certain

of his facts. Lostwithiel was your lover."

"Martin, have pity!" she repeated, with her hands clasped before her face.

"Pity! Don't I tell you that I pity you—whom I used to love. Great God, can you guess what pain it is to change respect for the creature one loves into pity? I told you that I would never hurt you—that I would never bring shame upon you, Isola. You have no unkindness to fear from me. But you have broken my heart—you have slain my faith in man and woman. I could have staked my life on your purity—I could have killed the man who slandered you—and you swore a false oath, called upon heaven to witness a lie."

"I was a guilty wretch, Martin. I could not bear to lose your love. If death had been my only penalty I could have borne it, but not the loss of your love."

"And your sister and her husband. They were as ready with their lies as you were," he exclaimed bitterly.

"Don't blame Gwendoline. I telegraphed to her from Paris, imploring her to stand by me—to say that I was in London with her."

"And you were not in London?"

"No, except to pass through, when—when I had escaped from him, and was on my way home."

"Escaped! My God! Tell me all, all—without reserve—as freely as you want to be forgiven."

"I was not utterly wicked, Martin. I did not sin deliberately—I did not know what I was doing when I wrecked my life and destroyed my peace of mind for ever. I never meant to forsake you—or to be false to you—but I was so lonely—so lonely—the days were so dreary and so long—even the short autumn days seemed long—and the evenings were so melancholy without you. And he came into my life suddenly—like a prince in a fairy tale—and at first I thought very little about him. He was nothing more to me than anyone else in Treviso—and then somehow we were always meeting by accident—in the lanes—or by the sea—and he seemed to care for all the things I cared for—the books that I loved were his favorite books. There was not a word spoken between us that you or anyone else could blame."

"A common opening," said Martin Disney; "sin generally begins so."

"And then, one evening in the twilight, he told me that he loved me. I was very angry—and I let him see that I was angry, and I did all I could to avoid him after that evening. I refused to go to the ball at Lostwithiel, knowing that I must meet him there. But they all persuaded me—Mrs. Crowther, Mrs. Baynham, Tabitha—they were all bent on making me go—and I went. Oh God, if I had but stood firm against their foolish persuasion, if I had but been true to myself! But my own heart was against me. I wanted to go to the ball—I wanted to see him again—if only for the last time. He had talked about going for a long cruise to the Mediterranean. His yacht was ready to sail at an hour's notice."

"You went—and you were lost."

"Yes, it is all one long, wild dream when I look back upon it. He lured me to go away with him—but I told him no, no, no, not for worlds, nothing should ever make me false to my good, true husband—nothing. I swore it—swore an oath which I had not the strength to keep. Oh, it was cruel, heartless, treacherous, the thing he did after that. When I was going away from the dance, he contrived to put me into the wrong carriage—his own carriage—and when I had been driven a little way from the hotel, the carriage stopped and he got in. I thought that he was driving me home. I asked him how he could be so cruel as to be with me, in his own carriage, at the risk of my reputation, but he stopped me—shut my lips with his fatal kiss. Oh, Martin, how can I tell these things? The horses went almost at a gallop. I thought we should be killed. I was half fainting when the carriage stopped at last, after rushing up and down hill—and he lifted me out, and I felt the cold night air on my face, the salt spray from the sea. I tried to ask him where I was, whether this was home, but the words died on my lips and I knew no more—knew no more till I woke from that dead, dull swoon in the cabin of the Vendetta, and heard the sailors calling out to each other, and saw Lostwithiel sitting by my side—and then—and then—it was all one long dream—a dream of days and nights, and rain, and tempest. I thought the boat was going down in that dreadful night in the Bay of Biscay. Would to God that she had gone down and hidden me and my sin for ever! But she lived through the storm, and in the morning she was anchored near Arachon, and Lostwithiel went on shore and sent a woman in a boat to bring me clothes and to attend upon me, and I contrived to go on shore with the woman when she went back in the boat that had brought her, and I raised some money on my ring at a jeweler's in Arachon, and I left by the first train for Paris, and went on from Paris to London, and never stopped to rest anywhere till I got home."

"May God bring me face to face with that ruffian who imposed upon your helplessness!" cried Martin Disney.

"No, no, Martin; he was not a ruffian. He betrayed me—but I loved him. He knew that I loved him. I was his before he stole me from my home—his in mind and in spirit. It was our fate to love each other—and I forgave him, Martin. I forgave him on that night of temptation when I thought we were going to die together."

"You don't expect me to forgive him, do you? You don't expect me to forgive the crime that ruined your life and mine?"

"His brother is your sister's husband, Martin."

"I am sorry for it."

"Oh, he is good; he is frank and true. He is not like the other. But, oh, Martin, pity Lostwithiel and his sin, as you pity me and my sin! It is past and done. I was mad when I cared for him—a creature under a spell. You won my heart back to you by your goodness—you made me more than ever your own. All that he had ever been to me—all that I had ever thought or felt about him—was blotted out as if I had never seen his face. Nothing remained but my love for you—and my guilty conscience, the aching pain of knowing that I was unworthy of you."

He took her hand and pressed it gently in silence. Then, after a long pause, when she

had dried the tears from her streaming eyes, and was lying faint and white and still, caring very little what became of her poor remnant of life, he said softly:

"I forgive you, Isola, as I pray God to forgive you. I have spent some happy years with you—not knowing. If it was a delusion it was very sweet—while it lasted."

"It was not a delusion," she cried, putting her arms round his neck, in a sudden rapture at being forgiven. "My love was real."

The door opened softly and the kindly face of the Anglican priest looked in.

"I have seen the lovers on their way to Florence," he said, "and have come to see how Mrs. Disney is after her fatiguing morning."

"I am happier than I have been for a long time," answered Isola, holding out her hand to him. "I am prepared for the end, let it come when it may."

He knew what she meant, and that the sinner had confessed her sin.

"Come out for a stroll with me, Disney," he said, "and leave your wife to rest for a little while. I'm afraid she'll miss her kind nurse."

Disney started up confusedly, like a sleeper awakened, and looked at the priest.

"I believe I have a substitute ready to replace Allegra by this time," he said, ringing the bell.

"Has the person from England arrived?" he asked the servant.

"Yes, sir. She came a quarter of an hour ago."

"Ask her to come here at once."

"Oh, Martin, you have not sent for a hospital nurse, I hope," cried Isola excitedly. "Indeed I am not so bad as that. I want very little help. I could not bear to have a stranger about me."

"This is not a stranger, Isola."

There came a modest knock at the door as he spoke.

"Come in," he said, and a familiar figure in a gray merino gown and smart white cap with pink ribbons entered quietly and came to the sofa where Isola was lying.

"Tabitha!" she cried.

"Don't say you're sorry to see an old face again, Mrs. Disney. I told Mr. Martin that if you should ever be ill and want nursing I'd come to nurse you—if you were at the other end of the world—and Mr. Martin wrote and told me you wanted an old servant's care and experience to get you over your illness—and here I am. I've come every inch of the way without stopping, except at the buffets, and all I can say is Rome is a long way off from everywhere, and the country I've come through isn't to be compared with Cornwall."

She ran on breathlessly as she seated herself by that reclining figure with the waxen face. It may be that she talked to hide the shock she had experienced on seeing the altered looks of the young mistress whose roof she had left in the hour of shame.

The faithful servant had taken leave of her mistress in words that had eaten into Isola's heart as if they had been written there with a corrosive acid.

"I am very sorry for you, Mrs. Disney," she said. "You are young and pretty, and you are very much to be pitied, and God knows I have loved you as if you were my own flesh and blood. But I could not stay under the roof of a wife who has brought shame upon herself and has dishonored the best of husbands."

Isola had denied nothing, had acknowledged nothing, and had let her go. And now they met again for the first time after that miserable parting, and the servant's eyes were full of pitying tears, and the servant's lips spoke only gentle words. What a virtue there must be in death, when so much is forgiven to the dying.

Martin Disney went out with the priest, but at the corner of the Piazza he stopped abruptly.

"Isola's coughing fit has upset me more than it has her," he said. "I'm not fit company for anyone, so I think I'll go for a tramp somewhere, and meet you later at dinner, when I've recovered my spirits a little."

"A riverderel," said the priest, grasping his hand. "I felicitate you upon this day's union; a happy one, or I am no judge of men and women."

"I don't know," Disney answered gloomily. "The woman is true as steel—the man comes of a bad race. You know what the Scripture says about the tree and the fruit."

"There never was a race yet that was altogether bad," said the priest. "Virtues may descend from remote ancestors as well as vices. I think you told me, moreover, that Captain Hulbert's mother was a good woman."

"She was. She was one of my mother's earliest and dearest friends."

"Then you should have a better opinion of her son. If ever I met a thoroughly good fellow in my life, I believe I met one the day I made Captain Hulbert's acquaintance."

"Pray God you may be right," said Disney with a sigh. "I am no judge of character."

He turned abruptly, and skirted the hill on his way to the gardens of the Villa Borghese, where he found shade and seclusion in the early afternoon. The carriages of fashionable Rome had not yet begun to drive in at the gate. The cypress avenues, the groves of immemorial flex, the flowery lawns where the fountains leapt upward, were peopled only by creatures of fable, fixed in marble, faun and dryad, hero and god. Martin Disney plunged into the shadow of one of those funeral avenues, and—while the sun blazed in almost tropical splendor upon the open lawn in the far distance—he walked as it were in the deep of night, a night whose gloom harmonized with that darker night in his despairing heart.

Great God, how he had loved her! How he had looked up to her, revering even her weakness as the expression of a child-like purity. And while he had been praying for her, and dreaming of her, and longing for her, and thinking of her as the very type of womanly chastity, unapproachable by temptation, unassailable, secure in her innocence and simplicity, as Athene or Artemis with all their

armor of defence—while he had so loved and trusted her she had flung herself into the arms of a profligate, as easily won as the lightest wanton. She had done this thing, and then she had welcomed him, with sweet smiles, to his dishonored home. She had made him drink the cup of shame, a byword it might be for the whole parish, as well as for that one man who had dared to hint at evil. And yet he had forgiven her—forgiven one to whom pardon meant only a peaceful ending. Is not pardon promised to the vilest of sinners, murmured into his ear by the priest upon the scaffold, when the rope is round his neck and the drop is ready to fall? How could the offended husband withhold such pardon, when he had been taught that God himself forgives the repentant murderer?

(To be Continued.)

The Lawyer's Point.

He had come to Chicago from the country, principally to get legal help in prosecuting a railroad for running over his cow.

He brought up in one of the big office buildings toward evening, and explained his grievance to a lawyer.

"I am to understand, then," said the lawyer, "that this cow was run over by a train at a crossing?"

"Yes; that's it."

"What kind of an animal was she?"

"Well, she was a pretty good critter; didn't have no tricks and would give a gallon twice a day."

"Valuable animal, I see?"

"Yes, pretty good."

"What breed?"

"I dunno."

"You don't know? Was she badly injured?"

"Injured? She was killed dead—n a door-nail."

"And buried?"

"Sure."

"Why, man alive, she was a fine Jersey—"

"Oh, no, she wasn't."

"Yes, she was. Why, you gibbering old blockhead; did you ever hear of a cow that was run over by a railroad and safely buried that was not a fine Jersey with a pedigree three miles long and worth \$400?"—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Book Agent's Wit.

Ready wit and imperturbable good humor are essential portions of the successful book agent's stock in trade. This was strikingly illustrated the other day, when one of these much abused but industrious and enterprising individuals contrived to gain access to an irascible and profane but by no means bad-hearted bank president, who possessed the somewhat rare virtue of being able to appreciate a joke at his own expense.

"Get out of here—quick, and go to h—!" he exclaimed to the book agent, before the latter had time to state his business.

"Thank you," replied the itinerant vender of literature, bowing and backing toward the door. "Then I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again."

Everybody in the room laughed, the banker included, and when the noise had subsided he promptly made atonement for his rudeness in his own peculiar fashion.

"That's one on me," he said. "I'll take five dollars' worth of whatever you are selling and will cry quits. And when we meet again I hope it will be where everybody sings hymns."

—N. Y. Herald.

Sarcasm.

Mrs. Ryan (from a window)—Phwat have yer there Mrs. Casey—a duck is it?
Mrs. Casey—Faith an' it is; it's for the doctor; he does be liken duck.
Mrs. Ryan—Do yes mind the ould saying: "Birds of a feather flock together." There'll be two quacks at the same table.

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The Old Man's Story.

The old newspaper man shoved his chair back from the desk and looked about the group of reporters roosting on chairs and tables, gabbling on all sorts of subjects, as reporters are wont to do at two o'clock in the morning, when the night's work is near its end. "One of you boys," he said, "asked me the other day why I was cynical and suspicious of people. Would you like to know why?"

Instantly there was an affirmative chorus, for the boys liked the old fellow, notwithstanding he was always too busy to devote any time to them, and too hard up to "blow them off," as they put it.

"Well, then, listen," he said. "It isn't a long story. When I was about forty, which is now twenty years ago, I had a wife and five children, and was getting twenty dollars a week on a morning paper in a Western city. I managed to exist on that, but life was not rosy to me, and my wife, rest her soul, was very delicate and could do very little toward helping us out. One winter was a particularly hard one, and the doctor recommended that I send my wife to some other climate if I wanted to see her live and grow better. God knows I did, but I was deep in debt then, and even to save her life I could not raise the money needed. I was utterly discouraged and contemplated suicide, which was a cowardly relief, but it was relief, and I had too heavy a burden. I was sitting at my desk one afternoon, alone, brooding over my troubles, when a man came in and asked for me. I didn't know him and paid little attention to him. All I noticed was a heavy black beard, long hair and a pair of dark blue glasses. It was evident, however, that he knew me, although he had asked me if I were the man he was looking for.

"There's a package for you," he said, laying it down quickly, and before I could answer he was out of the office.

"I picked it up indifferently, for packages came to me often, which belonged to the office, but this one had written across it, 'Do not open for thirty minutes.' Somebody came in then and I forgot the package for an hour. Then I opened it, and what do you think I found?"

The boys made all sorts of guesses, to each of which the old man shook his head.

"You'd never guess," he said with a wan smile. "It was a package of new, crisp \$1,000 bills. I counted them feverishly and there were one hundred and fifty of them. Think of it, boys," and the old man's eyes sparkled at the remembrance, "one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and a minute before I was so poor that the dogs wouldn't bark at me. I rose up right then and there with a whoop and danced around the office, and then I told the business manager and one or two others and they looked at my good luck and congratulated me, and away I went for home, with my precious package under my vest hugged close to my bosom. I know I never was so happy in all my days, for didn't it mean life and health to my wife, a home for my children, and rest for me, with possibly a fine business of my own and certain independence for all time? Of course it did, and I had a right to be happy. At home I told the good news to my wife gradually, and we fairly gloated over the money as it spread its grateful green light before our weary eyes. I'm sure neither of us slept a wink that night, so eager were we to talk over our good fortune, and we planned a beautiful future for ourselves and an immediate trip for my wife to some health-giving spot. By nine o'clock next morning I was at the bank waiting to deposit the first money I had ever put into a bank, and I was pleased to death thinking how that receiving teller would look when he saw what a nice beginning I was making, and what a stupendous start it was to a poor newspaper man. At last the place was open and I went in, trembling, and handed my package through the window.

"I want to deposit that to my credit," I said to him as firmly as I could, and just as much like I was used to it as I knew how.

"He took it, opened it and his eyes fairly bulged out on his cheeks.

"By thunder, old man," he said, "where did you get it? I'm glad to see you are in such luck."

"You see I had known him for a long time and he knew the trouble I was in. I told him how I had come by it, as he counted it over, and then he called up the cashier. He congratulated me too, and then the two went over in the corner with the package for a few minutes and examined it."

"Come around into my private office," said the cashier, coming back to the window, and I passed in. He asked me to tell him about the money and I did so with as much pleasure as the first time I had told it, but he seemed to be worried about something. When I had told it all and added that I'd like to have a cheque for five hundred dollars that morning to square up my pressing debts, he took me by the hand.

"No, eh, I didn't pick up nuffin'—couldn't a dog hab found it and ate it up."

"My boy," he said, "I know your condition and I know all the trouble you have had, and you shall have the five hundred dollars, but it will be a personal loan to you. All that package of money you have received so strangely is counterfeit."

"What more he said I don't know, for in a minute everything was dark to me and when I recovered consciousness they told me I had been in a delirium for three weeks, and then, gradually, I learned that the shock had hastened my wife's death, and that my children had been cared for by friends, and I was practically alone in the world. Who did it, or what fiendish motive could have prompted it, I never have known. All I know is that since that time I have not felt like trusting anything human."

The story had stilled the boys, and when the old man had concluded it they shook hands with him and went away, leaving him to his thoughts and the round-up of the night's work. —*Detroit Free Press.*

A Fable, but not from Æsop.

A Clam who was having the full Benefits of the Atlantic Ocean for seven days in the Week and growing Fat on it, suddenly took it into his Head one day that he would be far Better off as a Bird. He therefore edged his way to the Beach and Exerted himself to the utmost to fly. While engaged in this Performance along came a Rhode Island Farmer without any Meat in the house and picked him up and was Chuckling over his Find, when the Bivalve demanded to know Whether he was taken for a Clam or a Bird.

"Waah, as to that," replied the Farmer, "I shan't be so very Pertickler. If you'd bin Intended by Natur' to fly I shouldn't hev Found you in the Sand, and if you'd bin contented as a Clam you'd hev bin out thar' in the Mud and thus Escaped me."

MORAL:

First, If you are a Clam don't be a foolish Clam. Second, the World cares little whether it picks you up for a Philosopher or a Flat, so long as it gets the Meat. —*Detroit Free Press.*

His Secret of Wealth.

There is a Pearl street business man who has, by one way and another, accumulated a fortune, of which he is very proud. And, like all self-made men, he is everlastingly telling "somebody in particular, and coincidentally the public in general, just how he did it. So, as he and a rather seedy-looking friend rode up the Martin line last evening, he was laying down the law of financial success as exemplified in his own case, of course.

"You ain't got backbone enough, John," he said; "you ain't got no more backbone than a cotton string. Why, you let down and quit if a feather flaps in your face. Now, look at me, look at me!" and his bosom swelled appreciatively. "When I started out in life I made up my mind, sir, that I would never give up for anything, and, sir, I have stuck to it ever since. I never give up—never!"

As the two passed out of the car the man with the gold eye-glasses quietly but distinctly remarked:

"That's as true as Gospel—every word."

And as they all turned round, he continued: "I lent him \$4500 once, and he never gave up—not a cent!" —*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

He Advertised Himself.

"An actor will sometimes resort to extremes for advertising," an exchange quotes a theatrical manager as saying. "When I was in London four years ago I organized a little excursion party to do London, see the sights and have some joy. Louis Harrison, Sylvia Gerish, the actress; Mrs. Langtry, her manager, Joe Reynolds, and several others prominent in theatrical circles were among the many chosen ones in the party. We trooped over the Tower of London, took in the sights made immortal by Dickens and wound up at Dickens' grave in Westminster Abbey. Over the grave of the great novelist was a tower of flowers, mostly contributed by Americans. Most conspicuous of the many designs was a wreath of roses to which was attached a card bearing this inscription:

"From Oliver Doud Byron, American actor."

"We all smiled, knowing Byron and his methods too well, and Louis Harrison pencilled this addition to the subscription on the card: 'Opens at Syracuse, September 10, in Across the Continent.'"

An Unjust Suspicion.

A Texas gentleman went out fishing one day. He had a nice lunch fixed up, but upon arriving at the fishing place he discovered that he had lost it, so he retraced his steps until he met a large satisfied looking negro who was seated by the roadside under a tree picking his teeth. "Did you pick up anything in the road?" enquired the fisherman.

"No, sah, I didn't pick up nuffin'—couldn't a dog hab found it and ate it up."

Husband and Wife!

BOTH WERE NEAR DEATH'S DOOR!

Rescued and Saved!

AN INTERESTING STATEMENT!

Sworn and True!

That Paine's Celery Compound Makes People Well!

A TRUE MEDICAL PRESCRIPTION.

BETTER THAN ALL THE PATENT MEDICINES OF THE PRESENT DAY!



DANIEL RAYNER.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Rayner of 342 Earton street, London, Ont., are well and favorably known in their city, and highly esteemed by a host of friends. One of London's most popular clergymen, Rev. W. M. Seaborn, rector of St. Matthias church, writes as follows: "I hereby certify that I, Daniel and Ann Rayner, worthy old people, I have known them for a number of years."

With such a recommendation, and all Mr. Rayner's statements sworn to, and vouched for by others in London, the public of Canada must necessarily have the utmost confidence in all that is claimed for Paine's Celery Compound. There are no exaggerated, sensational or doubtful facts in Mr. Rayner's letter of testimony. Like all other published statements in reference to Paine's Celery Compound, the following letter bears the royal mark of truth and honesty, and proves beyond a doubt that there is only one true and honest remedy now within reach of every sufferer:

"Many thanks for your great remedy, Paine's Celery Compound, a preparation which produces in a short time the most marvelous results."

"In April, 1881, I was taken ill with inflammation of the lungs and pleurisy. I was attended by three doctors, who for some time disagreed about my treatment, and I was near death's door, and was nineteen weeks in bed, and in a very debilitated condition. In 1884 I was in the flood that overwhelmed the west part of London, and was up to my shoulders in water. This brought on rheumatism, which affected my left hip so bad as to twist the joint out of its place, making my left leg two inches shorter than the right one. From this I suffered untold pain and agony, and could get no relief from the doctors."

"In 1881 I was taken ill with a gripe, which complaint brought on inflammation of the liver, since which I have been troubled with constipation, and have suffered severely, very seldom getting relief."

"In 1885 a rupture of an abscess in the stomach confined my wife to her bed for some weeks. She suffered great agony, and was left in a very enfeebled state. In 1889 a second rupture occurred, which nearly ended her life. From



MRS. D. RAYNER.

that time up to 1891 she was confined to bed, and suffered from a gripe and shattered nerves, and was in a very weak condition. She was attacked again last year by a gripe, and had erysipelas of the head, from which resulted extreme pain and itching of her right eye and forehead."

"Being recommended to try your Paine's Celery Compound, the happiest results have followed; the pain in the stomach has disappeared, and the pain in the head is considerably less. Though not quite cured myself, I am considerably better and stronger from the use of three bottles of Paine's Celery Compound; and I think the continued use of the medicine will entirely restore me to health. I am 68 years old and my wife 63; and I have always looked to my Heavenly Father for relief; and I believe your Paine's Celery Compound is the great means to a cure. If more people were to use it, there would be fewer doctors and less mortality."

DANIEL RAYNER.

I, Daniel Rayner, of the City of London, in the County of Middlesex, make oath, and say that the above statements relating to myself and wife are true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief. D. RAYNER.

Sworn before me this 23rd day of March, 1893. JOHN B. SMYTH.

The following well known citizens of London vouch for the truth of the above statements: Y. F. MOSKOW, Merchant. GEORGE F. FARMER, GEO. H. FINCH.

In a subsequent letter, dated April 10th, Mr. Rayner writes as follows: "I wish every one who suffers as we have suffered would try Paine's Celery Compound, for it is a wonderful life-giving medicine calculated to give increased vitality and energy and restore the enfeebled constitution. It is especially valuable for those who suffer from dyspepsia and nervous complaints. As I have tried numerous medicines without avail, and the medical men having told me there was no help for me, I shall always be

Delicate Women

who wash, can use

Surprise Soap for washing clothes with great ease and comfort to themselves;

There's no boiling or scalding needed.

Here's the experience of a delicate woman:

ST. CROIX SOAP CO.,

TORONTO, ONT.

Dear Sirs:

I heard a great deal about Surprise Soap, so I thought I would give it a trial. I was delighted with the results. I would recommend all delicate women to use it as it does half the work for us.

Before I used Surprise I could not do my washing in one day. Now I get done easily clean up. It is splendid.

MRS. S. STEPHENS.

Actual use is the best test of **Surprise Soap**. Don't get it again if it doesn't please you the first time, but it will—it always does.

happy to urge sufferers to try your Paine's Celery Compound which has done so much for myself and wife."

Reader, what conclusions are you forced to arrive at after reading Mr. Rayner's plain and unvarnished statements? Simply this: that no other medicine in the world could have saved these two valuable lives; without Paine's Celery Compound both husband and wife would now be in the silent grave. This life-giving medicine is your only hope, sufferer; there is nothing else that can relieve or cure you. It is better than all the patent medicines in this wide world; try it—trust it—and you will be convinced.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graph logical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

IRABEL.—1. It means that the card was left by the visitor in person. It is a custom quite out of date. 2. Certainly; whether you are received or not. How, otherwise, is your hostess to remember whom she owes calls to? 3. You need not call after a luncheon or a tea, but should always make a party call on the next reception day of the hostess, unless it immediately follows the party, then wait for the next week.

TATTOOGRAM.—1. I could not delineate your writing, as it is only a childish hand. 2. What salary actresses receive when they first go on the stage depends largely on circumstances. Generally it is rather starvation wages. I think, Tatogram, that your question is a little previous; at thirteen little girls should not worry about actresses' salaries. Your letter is well expressed, and quite ahead of your years.

WISCONSIN.—1. I could not be so rude to a lady as to dream of "wiping her down an ass" as you think possible. 2. You are honest, generous, discreet, affectionate, fond of ease and a little careless of appearances, truthful, somewhat lacking in finesse and management; your judgment is erratic, but not prejudicial or narrow. All your character is large and generous and you are probably a large-minded and lovable person and are quite ahead of your years.

C. R. A. B.—I am afraid the other study has been mislaid. Your writing shows rather a refined and sensitive nature, discreet, reliable and rather a lover of forms and traditions. You can keep a secret and are a little prone to self-assertion, somewhat abrupt, very honest and truthful, with a constant but somewhat rigid mind. You rather lack hope, buoyancy and ambition, and are perhaps too prone to despond in times of trial. You are exciting.

MINERAL.—1. I don't know of any such journal. 2. Certainly Tennyson's Break, Break, has been set to music ages ago. You can get it from any music dealer. 3. Give my love to little Hanchen; I remember her quite well. 4. Your writing shows refinement, nervous energy, rather a gentle and reserved nature, some imagination, care for details, a desire for approbation, but not marked individuality. You are somewhat imaginative, very sensitive and affectionate.

FRANK.—Your writing shows self-reliance, prejudice, impatience and an utter lack of the ingratiating qualities of sympathy, tact and self-control. You are fond of comfort, with strong will, very great self-indulgence, perseverance and some promise of success. You have marked ambition, quite a talent for affairs, erratic impulses and some pride and self-will. A capable, domineering, and though well intentioned, very trying individual; not far from being a confirmed crank.

FAME THE NINTH.—I don't quite decipher your signature. Your letter is dated from Winnipeg. I admire your enquiry as to how I make a graphological study. I really cannot explain the ninety-nine rules in this column for the study of handwriting. I could not have told you when the tale you mention would be concluded. Beyond self-indulgence, variable spirits, erratic impulses and a lack of tact, patience and culture, your writing contains little which I can tell you. However, there is crude power and force in it and it will develop in time if you care to take trouble with it yourself.

DIRAH SHAD.—1. In calling, either for the first or any other time on a lady, leave your own and your husband's card for her, your husband's card for her husband, and your own for the daughter or daughters; one card is enough for the daughters. Do not leave your husband's card for them. 2. The P. P. C. cards should be one of your husband's, addressed to the lady of the house. 3. The initials are usually put in the left-hand corner. The periods were correctly marked. You can substitute P. D. A., *Four dire Advice*, if you wish. 4. No, it is quite unnecessary; simply say you regret being unable to accept. Do not fail to learn the correct form of accepting and declining an invitation—nothing shows lack of form more than a failure in these forms."

JHUMAL.—There! there! don't be crows with fate and the world in general. Experience may be bitter—bitters are wholesome! Let love and patience put the sugar in it. I

For Stomach

Bowel,
Liver Complaints, and
Headache, use

**AYER'S
CATHARTIC PILLS**

They are purely
vegetable, sugar-coated,
speedily dissolved,
and easy to take.
Every dose

Effective

"No Funds"

Take care that your drafts on your physical endurance don't come back to you some day marked "no funds." Take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites to increase your energy and so make good your account at the bank of health.

IT CURES

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA,
BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS
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Almost as Palatable as Milk. Be sure you get the genuine as there are poor imitations.

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GROW THIN

by using Dr. Eskin's Famous Pills and Bands and Obesity Fruit Salt; it will reduce your weight without dieting; is perfectly harmless, and the cost is but slight. Send for our eight-column article on Obesity, sent free. Order goods from our stores by mail or express. Price of band, \$2.50 and up. Pills, \$1.50 per bottle; and Fruit Salt, \$1.00 per bottle. Address

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Stores at 117 State street, Chicago, Ill., Dept. No. 2;
2 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass., Dept. No. 40;
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Are the Best.
Prepared by a New and Special Scientific Process.

Medical opinion recommends them for THE HEALTH. Public opinion all over the world unanimous that they are unsurpassed for COMFORT, EASY AND DURABILITY. SOLD IN EVERY FIRST-CLASS TRAVELLING STORE. Name and Trade Mark, Anchor, on every pair and box. Ask your Druggist or Outfitter for IZOD'S make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad makes are often sold for those of extra price. Write for our sheet of Drawings.

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Manufacturers: LANFORD, HANTS.

PISO'S CURE FOR THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.
CONSUMPTION

OUR ADVICE TO THIS PAIR



after this little exercise, is just to see how easily soot can be removed by using a little MASTER MECHANIC'S EXTRAORDINARY SOAP. It has no equal for removing tar, oil or grease, from the hands or clothes, and every housewife, as well as every mechanic, should keep a supply.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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VOL. VII TORONTO, MAY 27, 1893. [No. 27]

The Drama.

THE theatrical season has now come to a close, and it is safe to pronounce it one of the best in the history of the city, so far as the Grand Opera House is concerned and so far as Jacobs & Sparrow's, in its different sphere of usefulness, is concerned. The Academy of Music, on the other hand, although it has had a few brilliant things, has had some of the worst attractions that stagger along the road. Some of the shows were considered rank and could not draw crowds in the cheapest houses across the line, yet they were brought here and turned loose in a dollar house, expensively advertised in the newspapers and on bill boards, and many people were misled into putting up a genuine dollar for bogus value. This injured good shows at the Academy, and when anything of merit came it suffered for the sins of its snide forerunners. I believe Mr. Whitney comes into possession of the Grand on the first day of June, and I know there is a dread in some quarters that instead of pulling the Academy abreast of the Grand his acquiring of the latter theater may cause it to deteriorate to the level occupied by the Academy. It is not likely that any such calamity will result. In the first place, Mr. Whitney is one of the best of theatrical managers, with wide interests and unlimited capital, and if he wants to make a push with his two theaters here, all he need do is to say: "Let it be so!" and so it will be. Heretofore he must have perceived that the Grand, under the skillful management of O. B. Sheppard and backed by the Manning millions, not only had the call in Toronto, but that it would be a waste of money to attempt ousting it from first place in public favor. Whatever move he should make, O. B. would go him one better. So he has bought up the Grand, and better still, he has retained Mr. Sheppard as manager, giving him charge of his entire Canadian circuit. It is too early to form an opinion as to what will be done, but it is safe guessing that the new move will be a good thing for theater-goers. Whatever the effect may be on Toronto, it is safe to say that the out-of-town points will benefit by the change, for the energy of Manager Sheppard will bring gists to those mills. The unpardonable sins of the Academy during the past season were two in number; the first was that the house was dark nearly half the time, and the other was that twenty-five cent shows were allowed to occupy that dollar house. These sins will likely not occur under the new order of events.

The Delarte College of Oratory gave a very successful entertainment in Association Hall on Monday evening. The pupils recited their pieces exceedingly well, especially Miss Bayne, Miss Simpson and Mr. J. G. Scott. Miss Bayne has a well trained voice and is capable of displaying deep emotion and great dramatic ability. Her gestures were poems without words. Miss Simpson has achieved a reputation as a brilliant elocutionist. This was fully demonstrated in the rare talent she displayed in rendering the tragic selection Zurgarella. Mr. J. G. Scott deserves special mention for his excellent rendering of On the Rappahannock, which he gave with thrilling and life like effect. He has a beautiful voice, full of clear, good expression, and marvelous compass. His gestures were graceful and articulation exceedingly good. The selection entitled Inkermann, rendered by Miss Easton, was particularly worthy of mention. This talented young elocutionist, who is becoming well known in Toronto, fully sustained her reputation.

Joseph is doing big business this week at the Grand. The Burglar is filling Jacobs & Sparrow's.

Miss Jessie Alexander will assist Trinity and Broadway Tabernacle choirs in the concert to be given in Trinity Methodist church on Thursday, June 1.

Ermie will be sung at the Grand next week under the auspices of the Queen's Own Rifles. Fred Solomon, who originated the part, will play the little thief and W. E. Ramsay the big one. It is expected that this presentation of Ermie will prove a decided triumph.

MACK.

A Grave Joke.

A well known legal gentleman, who, like Wilkins Micawber, was always "waiting for something to turn up," and who had been a persistent but unsuccessful aspirant for various official vacancies, was at last rewarded with a lucrative office. The morning after the appointment was made known, a jocular Dock street merchant said to a friend: "When he shuffles off this mortal coil I would like to write his epitaph." "What would you write?" asked the party to whom he was talking. "I would have in golden letters on his tombstone the following appropriate epitaph, 'This is the only place he never applied for.'—The Grip-sack.

"Do you have much trouble getting servants in the country, Watkins?"
"No, indeed. We've had eight cooks, five waitresses, and three laundresses in two months. They're thicker than huckleberries in August."

The Night Was Dreary.

IT was in the days when barn-storming was rife in Canada that two seedy artists histrionically completed a successful count of the ties between Sheepville and Lambville, reaching the latter place as the shades of evening tide were engaged in wrapping their opaque mantle about the town, and they had but time for a hasty reconnoitre before the aforesaid shades had accomplished their dark purpose.

Although contrasts, our artistic pair were a team, and a team which pulled well together. I will not trouble to describe them at length; this was the long and the short of it: one was six feet one, the other four feet eleven inches in height. The taller, Mr. Bunthorne Irving by name, was a tragedian, while his companion, Mr. Fresh Pastures, had deserted the ranks of the tramp printers to become advance agent, stage and property manager to his illustrious friend, and in the dual combination, of which he formed the small half, to play short roles, as will be seen later.

Their first attention was given to the hunting up of a printing office, not as would have been supposed, for the purpose of ordering posters and other accessories of the bill-sticker's avocation. Mr. Pastures knew a trick worth two of that, and was detailed to work it.

His lowness of stature helped the accomplishment of his purpose, which was to sneak past the front of a counter (behind which the editor of the *Dishrag* was busy shearing paragraphs from the editorial columns of his city exchanges to stroke the fleece of the "lamb," as the Lambville folk were called, as he thought they should be stroked to bring the best return to his editorial pockets) and to wend his way back to the realm not only of type cases and darkness, but to the realm of coal oil and lamp black, for that was the expensive substitute which the proprietors of the *Dishrag* had for vile printers' ink.

As soon as the editor had departed he drew a piece of candle from his poke, looked upon it with lack-lustre eyes while he calculated how long it would last, then lit it and proceeded hastily to set up a poster. This done, he said his "Now I lay me down to sleep," rolled himself up in a ball and went to sleep on a pile of shavings.

Meanwhile Mr. Bunthorne Irving had bent the steps for which he was famous, to the palatine log hut of the head magistrate in a distant suburb, and having given that dignitary a pass for himself and friends for the forthcoming revival of Shakespearean Tragedy, was in turn the recipient of a permit to use the town hall on the following night.

It was midnight in the midst of the hamlet. Beneath a fierce, white, old moon scudded clouds dark and lowering, which from time to time obscured it altogether. Under cover of one of these periods of darkness, Mr. Bunthorne Irving jumped the fence enclosing the printing office and having found the window which his friend had left open for him he entered, and awakening him the two proceeded to print off a dozen posters. Then having distributed the form, and armed themselves with a basin of paste and an old whitewash brush, they stole away into the darkness, in search of conspicuous places to post their advertisements.

Of course they knew the rounds. First, there was the postoffice door, likewise the livery stable door, and then sundry fence corners upon the approaches to the town. These places they soon visited and then sought the northwest side of a hay stack, where they would not be disturbed by the early rays of the sun.

The next day the sun rose and set as usual. All day long the yellow poster, which partly obscured the last year's circus bills, was the talk of the town and great were the preparations for the evening. The day passed quite uneventfully for our two friends. What did it matter to them whether the boys dug up all the cabbage-stumps for the use of their elders in the evening, or whether the bar-keeper at the cross-roads hotel had struck a bargain with the grocery man by which a crate of eggs, mellow and aged, had been turned over to him and that he had already taken his friends aside and told them where to get their pockets full before going to the hall in the evening? They were used to the doings of this cruel world.

Mr. Pastures was detailed to go on a foraging expedition, and by promising a boy a couple of pence for the performance induced him to steal for them a loaf of new bread and a rhubarb pie. While he was away Mr. Bunthorne Irving cornered a cow and obtained the basin, which had held the paste the night before, full of milk, so they lived high, alternately feasting, sleeping, or lolling among the dry, crisp hay listening to the songs of the birds.

In the evening they wended their way to the town hall. The main chamber of the hall had been fitted up temporarily as a theater, by a minstrel troupe who had spent a week in Lambville, but who at the end of that time did not have funds enough to pay for the hall, so the magistrate had closed on their curtain, wings and platform, and they left town on foot. Now, the hall had lately been used for a political meeting, and fortunately there was enough oil in the lamps, so that when it became time for the audience to arrive Mr. Pastures set them flaring, and Mr. Irving donned his plug hat, his dignity and the stool of the box office to gather in the quarters and deal the pasteboards, which granted admission.

Not until all the probable "Lamb" had paid their quarters and the cat-calls upstairs became uproarious did he transfer the contents of the cash drawer to his trousers pocket and go behind the scenes. Here he donned a coat such as those worn by policemen in Siberia. No doubt you have seen them; they reach nearly to the ankles and are greatly in vogue among actors such as Mr. Bunthorne Irving, as they enable them to withstand a volley of overripe hen-fruit with impunity.

Clad in this garment, he strutted to the center of the stage, and as his friend let off a little pile of red fire, which looked like lightning to the audience, his clear voice rang out. "The night is dark and dreary," he said. "I will away," and as his friend gave a bang to the bass drum, to make the thunder, he disappeared into the opposite wing. Then followed the short end of the combination, wrapped in a cloak such as pirates wear, and which are also egg-proof. "What," he said as he reached the stage center, "Augustus gone! I shall follow him." And he did, leaving the audience to await further developments.

In the wings, our friends discarded their cloaks and then left the theater by the stage door and scudded off to the station, where the express for the west was due to stop for water in five minutes.

When the audience got tired of waiting for developments, they began to search the theater for the actors, but as none could be found the bar-keeper referred to before called a council of war in the road before the hall and was about to give the crowd assembled some instruction as to a systematic search, when the long, shrill whistles of the approaching express pierced the air, and he had an inspiration. "To the station, boys," he yelled, and away he raced, with the others in full cry after him.

The station was reached, but they were too late. The express was just pulling out, and fast getting up speed. From the back platform our friends waved them an affectionate adieu. They were off to seek what the name of the short end of the combination denotes, Fresh Pastures.

Clonmel, Ireland. HARRY A. BROWN.

He Quoted Solemn Facts.

OLD MAN ELIOT was accosted on the street not long ago by a man in very hard circumstances, who asked for the price of a dinner. It is not a new experience for Old Man Eliot. There must be something suggestive of smoking roast beef about his round, red face, for indigents will skip a hundred people and tackle him. It makes him hopping mad; he feels that it somehow is a reflection upon the shrewdness of his face, and like most open-faced men his great ambition is to be one who can be selected at a glance as a keen codger, sharp as a meat-axe. In truth, the old fellow's round, cosy face is a faithful map of his character, and his heart, despite all his playacting, is as big as a football and quite as devoid of sharp angles.

"What do you want to eat for?" growled the old man, buttoning his coat, an action not unlike the closing of shutters on a bay window. "I've got to have something to eat pretty quick, if I'm going to live, and I've got to live," pliously answered the mendicant.

"It doesn't follow; it doesn't follow at all, sir. Why have you got to live? What important work are you engaged in? Who insists that you live? Stuff and nonsense, sir! Don't tell me any such cock-and-bull story as that! You are just staying alive out of down-right selfishness. You say you've got to live, while statesmen and great preachers and kings and—and—things are dying every day. Come, come, that is too thin, sir! Try again." And Old Man Eliot dropped his fat chin upon his big neck tie, and peered inquisitorially over his glasses at the culprit whom he had so neatly caught putting up a case of false pretenses.

"It's pretty hard, sir, to tell a man to go and drown himself in the lake."

"I didn't. Don't you do it, don't you dare to do it," spluttered the old man, stamping his feet furiously. "Don't you know the city gets its water from the lake, and still you would flavor it with your remains—it's bad enough now. Eh—eh—it would be better, positively better, for you to stay alive. Got to live—he says he's got to live! Look here, sir, stand straight with your feet close together; there, that will do! Now, you never occupy less room than that, do you? Well, you are occupying one square foot of pavement, and I want to point out to you that land right here is worth six hundred dollars a foot frontage—no, don't move! It's worth eight hundred dollars down that way and seven hundred up the other way, so you had better stand right where you are and keep your feet close together. Besides, the pavement you are standing on cost a lot of money; you have been walking on it for years, no doubt, and drinking water out of the taps and sleeping in the parks, and still, eh—eh—I'll wager you can't show a receipted tax bill for one dollar you ever paid towards maintaining these things, or anything else in the whole big world. Eh—eh—I tell you what, sir, you don't realize your position. You overlook some solemn facts. You see that dog over there; it has a tag on showing that it paid the dog tax. You haven't even a tag and yet you run around telling people you've got to live. How long is it since you had anything to eat?"

"Two days," whispered the now thoroughly humbled beggar.

"Come here," said the old man, moving to the side of the pavement. "Come out here. Do you see the streams of people on both sides of this street? Now, where are they going, do you suppose?"

"To eat," was the answer ventured in a stronger whisper, with a trace of hope thrilling in it.

"To eat, precisely. Now pay attention to me. It is estimated that there are two hundred thousand people living in Toronto, not counting you, and eh—eh—I may safely say that they all eat more or less. And what good does it do them? How much better off are they for it? What have they got to show for all their eating during all these years? Nothing; they're just as hungry to-day as they ever were. See that man coming out of the restaurant with a tooth-pick in his teeth; he came out of the same place at the same hour yesterday feeling that he didn't care whether he ever saw a square meal again. He feels the same way now, yet to-morrow he will go through the same vain, unsatisfying routine and at a big expense. Eh—eh—I tell you it is eating that keeps everybody from being rich. Look into your own heart and scan your own career; ask your clamorous stomach what it has done with the thousands of dollars' worth of food which you have given it, and ask it how, in the face of the facts, it dares to torment you now in your penniless condition. Eh—eh—I must be going; this is my luncheon hour. Brace up and think over what I have said. They are solemn facts. How can a man in your humble sphere aspire to maintain a stomach? Give up eating for good; you've got two good days' start on

the right path, so don't backslide. Eh—eh—I envy you; eh—eh—I really do."

It is a peculiarity of Old Man Eliot that no matter what may be his object in commencing to talk he ends by believing his own theories, so he left the beggar feeling that he had done him a high service. The hospital ambulance gathered up the remains of a famished man two days later, out in the suburbs, where land is only worth two dollars a foot frontage. Perchance it was Eliot's convert. MACK.

All the Comforts of Home.

A SHORT time ago the Consumers' Gas Company took a reef in the price of that illuminative and highly expensive article, more expensive, in fact, than illuminative, as the sequel will show.

Being assured that under the new condition of affairs gas was the very cheapest kind of fuel to be found this side of an Irish bog, I forthwith purchased a stove and settled down to economy and comfort.

I am not quite sure, but I think it was the fourth day afterwards that my wife requested me to light the oven part of the arrangement, and I proceeded to do so with the air of a man who had monkeyed around gas stoves all his life, and rather enjoyed it. My wife and her friend said, "Be careful," and I replied with a superior sort of laugh that it was all right, "No need to be alarmed." I lit the match, and turning on the tap of the oven showed the said match underneath, without looking. Then I arose from my knees, daintily wiped my hands on my handkerchief, and strolled into the next room whistling. Five minutes elapsed, when I heard Miss Blank remark: "What a terrible smell—there's gas escaping somewhere."

I immediately picked up my ears, and hastened into the kitchen. A glance under the stove showed me that the oven jets had gone out—it was a long iron pipe, chuck full of holes, you know, and when the gas was turned on, and a match was applied, there was a little warning flip-flop which showed that it was lighted; but a sudden draught would sometimes blow it out before it had time to catch on, and that was what was the matter in this instance.

But, bless you! I know all about gas—if I'd had the materials I could have made it. I reached for another match, and striking it carefully on the sole of my boot shoved it underneath the oven. Great Jehosaphat! Don't ever speak to me about men being blown from cannons during the Sepoy rebellion; say nothing about the bursting of shells and bombs; do not even hint at being forcibly ejected from the crater of a volcano and splitting a crack in the atmosphere towards Mars. I've experienced them all, and although I'm in a rather dismembered condition, I actually live to tell it. As I lie here upon my virtuous couch, with my head tied up and my feet tied down, I can only assure friends and enemies alike—especially the latter—that if they want to experience something truly exhilarating, just let 'em touch off an ovenful of double-elastic, triple-expansion, illuminating gas. ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODIE.

The Young Man Who Knows All About Women.

HE is a perennial spring of bliss to his unkind friends, this young man. If you are below a certain age he is only exasperating unless you happen to be the present one in the endless succession of his favored houri. If you are, pray don't read this, no one would be so unkind as to wish to disillusionize you before the inevitable hour of your dethronement. But for those to whom this young man is an old story, time cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety. Speak to him softly, gaze at him mildly, he will expand under the genial heat of your admiration and develop theories concerning women more astounding, ignorant, colossal and fatuous than any dreamed of in the world before. Extreme age, extreme youth, or being his sister, are the only things that save a woman from being in love with him. Some guileless maiden may pass by wholly absorbed in self-admiration, but his keen eye will detect a secret passion for him preying on her young cheek. Nothing having to do with women is too small or too large for his consideration. From hair-pins to education he knows all about her. It is a singular fact that no young man of this class has ever been found who was indifferent about his own clothes. Do not let him suspect that you are laughing, or the game is up, no more wisdom from your young Solon; he can't stand women who think they are clever. Enjoy him while he lasts, for he doesn't last long. In a few years he frequently becomes a sensible, likable man, who doubts if he understands the woman he knows most about. PENNY.

A Delightful Meeting.

Naturally I was pleased when the hostess led me up and introduced me to the prettiest girl in the room.

And I was agreeably surprised when the young lady gave a gracious smile and claimed me as an old acquaintance, frankly adding that it was needless to introduce us—unless I had forgotten her.

And I had!

"If I have ever met you before, it must have been in the dark!" I thought to myself. For how could I have failed to remember her? I have a very fine memory for that sort of face.

I had not caught her name. I could not place her. So I put a bold face on it and remarked unblushingly: "No, indeed, I have not forgotten you! But I thought a second introduction might be safer. I did not dare to hope that your memory was as good as mine."

I could see by the young lady's expression that this little speech "went." It was accepted at its face value, and I was beginning to congratulate myself on my presence of mind—for social lying does not come easy to me—when the womanly curiosity of the hostess led her to investigate.

"How funny! So you and Jennie have met before?" she enquired.

"Oh yes," I answered promptly.

Then she deliberately floored me with the tactless point-blank question, "Where?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Farewell To The Organ.

For Saturday Night.

Farewell, old organ, years and years
I've piled your stops, 'mid joys and tears,
And played 'em upon your ivory keys,
And swayed your sweetest melodies.

Whose memories
Seem golden hills,
On sunset hills,
That bubble down
'Mid mosses brown,
And sing and creep
Until they sleep
With drowsy dreams,
In ocean's moan.

Farewell, old organ, how I've loved
To touch thy throbbing soul which sooth'd,
With many a tender strain sublime,
The fever'd page that burn'd in mine.
What chords divine
You then have roll'd
In grandeur bold
From pipe and reed,
With thrilling speed,
Till arch and dome
Did quake and boom
With music's might
And sorrow's flight.

Farewell, old organ, requiems sad
Peal forth for days long past and dead,
Roll, roll with thund'rous throbs profound
And let the solemn Dead March sound!
Wailing around,
Weird and sombre,
Slow in number,
Breathing sorrow
Like the hollow
Autumn tempest,
When the forest
Leaves are lying
Stripp'd and dying.

And yet, old organ, some sweet day
Thy perfect spirit tones I may
Hear sounding, through the golden spheres,
Old tunes, that thrill'd my mortal ears.
Good reapers!
All is not lost;
Time has but toed
Thy whistlings
To wider wings,
Which circle round
God's heights profound
Like wheeling stars,
That naught debars.

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

Consolation.

For Saturday Night.

When the haunts of men have wearied me,
When friendships warm, was chill,
When cruel care my heartstrings tears,
One refuge 'waits me still!
One refuge ever welcoming,
In friendly arms to flee;
O! Nature sweet, in some far retreat,
I fly in my grief to thee!
And upon thy lap with violets strewed,
Weeping, my head I lay;
And the odors sweet my senses greet,
And my soul is borne away
To a purer sphere, and the bitter thoughts
By the breath of the daffodils
That nod with the trees, sighing soft in the breeze,
Are blown o'er the daisied hills.

Or haply 'tis when the golden rod
And the dark-eyed Susans blow,
And the bright blue bells, o'er the sunny dells,
Wait their fragrance to and fro;

Where the harvest fly in the perfumed grass
And the dreamy, drowsy bees
Slog their sleep of songs, I forget my wrongs
As I sigh with the soft sighing trees.
Or 'em on the great lake's troubled breast
A sympathy I find
For my storm-tossed soul, in the huge waves' roll,
And the roar of the angry wind.
Thus life for me has changeless charms
Tho' ideals fallen be;
Tho' love be dead and friendship fled,
Sweet Nature, I fly to thee!

ANON.

The Bills.

(With No Apologies.)

For Saturday Night.

See the dudes' and chappies' bills—
Tallors' bills!
What a world of agony their coming in instils!
How they mingle all together,
Some unopened, some unread;
Bills for shoes of patent leather,
Bills for boots for every weather,
Bills for clothes from toe to head,
On their pilgrimages diurnal;
Till their aggregate infernal
Poor Chappie's mind—there's room for it—with frantic
Treason bills!
Oh, the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
From the tailor's shabby William to the florist's
Bills!

See the haunted housewife's bills—
Grocers' bills!
What account of stuffing their well-fed column bills!
Bills for eggs, and bills for butter
That was made to print—oh, never!
Hear the murmuring housewife mutter
That still never saw such utter
Imposition whatsoever!
Bills for coal and bills for plumbing,
Till poor hubby goes a-bumming
To find in jags a Lethe deep for all these columned bills
Of bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
Butcher's, grocer's, gammas', milkman's, clothing, club
and baker's bills!

See the mill(c)onary bills—
Bonnet bills!
What an awful lot of paper their figured fancy bills!
How they seem to come a-grinning
From the debit of the dead,
Till they set the brain a-spinning,
And their total keeps a-dinning—
Fit—like hail—to turn the head.
Oh, these bills for hat and bonnet!
You can but meek word upon it,
They will wreck your chance of heaven through the words
Of your temper pills.
On the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
Like hopes you held of summer rest this bill forever kills!

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

Tempora Mutantur, Etc.

She was my sweetheart,
Fair and sweet,
I laid my whole life
At her feet:
I loved her so.
In time we married,
And to-day
She rules me and—I
Cannot say:
"I love her so."
—*Godley's Magazine.*

Between You and Me.

AN OUTWARD and visible sign is often set in the place of an inward and spiritual grace, as you and I very well know. I was thinking of this as I made preparation, in company with the other one, for a trip across the lines. The other one is nothing if not patriotic; in fact, patriotism, in her case, often crowds the other virtues into holes and corners uncomfortably narrow. This time patriotism took the form of a Union Jack, very bulky and very large, which took up too much room in a small traveling satchel of the other one, but which she declared she could not go to Chicago without. "Will you put it up for me? You have plenty of room," she begged. I hope you won't doubt my patriotism when I confess that I refused in a determined manner. It was finally bestowed with the mackintoshes and wraps in a shawl strap, and was fatally lost somewhere between Toronto and Chicago. So we have not the outward and visible sign, but I trust the other half of the matter is not wanting. I love my Canadian home, but I love my manners too, and I should just as soon think of unscrewing the doorplate of my host's mansion and screwing on my own during my visit, or in fact asserting myself in any other unheard-of manner, as I should of hanging out a Union Jack in a city of the republic.

Barbara Freichte was within her rights when she hung out her country's flag in her own town, and so thought the gallant general who forbade his men to fire upon her and it, but it is always best to be sure one is within one's rights. Combative and aggressive patriotism indicates a want of breadth in this reasonable and thoughtful age. I don't believe the man who abuses his neighbor and taunts his friend with coolness, is any the better patriot on account of such doings. No, give me the quiet, earnest, firm and staunch patriot who carries his country in his prayers and thoughts as men, true men, carry their dearest treasures, their mother's blessing, their wife's love, their children's future.

"Is curiosity a sin?" asks a pretty writer of Lady Gay. Well, my girl, what do you think about Mother Eve? Certainly it is a sin to gain knowledge by unlawful means—at the promptings of curiosity pure and simple. There are times when knowledge must be gained, when the life or honor or well-being of some creature requires it, and in those extreme cases one may be forgiven for what is in other cases unwarrantable. For instance, one may open a letter, one may play the eaves-dropper, one may ask a cruel question, if the stake be sufficiently grave, and no one would shake the finger of scorn at the person so doing. Curiosity is simply the desire to know—undisciplined by self-respect and respect for the rights of others. It makes people read post cards not addressed to them; or growing stronger, it leads them to peruse more private correspondence. You say you don't see the harm in reading a postal card. Well, I do—the harm is in the betrayal such an act evidences of a curiosity, idle, maybe, but petty and beneath the harboring of a well disciplined and refined mind. Curiosity regarding the affairs of our friends and neighbors is a large proclamation of the want of both these qualities. I know very good, very kind women whom I would sometimes fly from—especially if any scandal is hovering in the atmosphere, because I know they will ask all sorts of questions, and try and entrap me into some answer or expression of opinion. When I think of them, my friend, I can quite assure you that curiosity is a sin!

Did you ever attend an epitaph party? Each guest is expected to bring some extraordinary epitaph, and read or recite it to the company. One must lay in a goodly number in case other people get ahead with their examples. The guests draw numbers from a pool, and read or recite in rotation, as arranged by their numbers. The best epitaph, either for beauty, novelty or grotesqueness, is then determined on, and to the lucky selector belongs the prize. At my epitaph party the prize was a lovely paper weight, a miniature representation of the Tomb of Royalty at Berlin, and strangely enough the winner was a Teuton.

What children we are about prizes! Did you ever play off with some equally expert opponent for a disputed prize, and were you not wonderfully intent on a victory? Not for the sake of the prize, *bien entendu*! but for the pleasure of winning! I have seen serious fathers and mothers of families breathless, laughing, clapping and cheering as they won and lost, lost and won the chance of pinning a brass bell on their bosoms, or capturing a twenty-five cent flower vase! And I don't know that anyone was much more set upon it than my own self.

Aren't engaged couples a peculiar sort of people sometimes? The old-fashioned sort to whom no evening was long enough and no lamp dim enough are not quite the thing just now. Courtship, with its unreasonable and delicious lapses into imbecility, its tearful partings and rapturous meetings such as you and I had, in the long years ago! is *passé*, absurd, quite out of touch with the spirit of to-day. I declare, a man who blushed and stammered one day lately while he told me he was engaged to be married, was quite a refreshing and 1830 sort of a fellow. Usually they chop sentiment into mince-meat of matter-of-fact detail, and you feel like shaking them, both of them. This is the style of 1893. "You see—sentiment apart—she's a jolly, sensible sort of girl, and a fellow's got to marry some time, you know. Good for trade, too—trousseau and wedding presents cost like sixty. Yes, she's a decent little body, and no sentimental ideas, thank goodness." That's exactly how an up-to-date young man, who has lately become a Benedict, announced his intention to me. I was mildly revolted, for in matters of sentiment I am not up-to-date! Fancy the husband who married you for fear he'd get cranky or out of date, or because he wanted to help the commerce of the city, and was able to utter thanks that you didn't demand love-making! Better than this was the style of Scotch Jeanie, who, though she agreed to a hasty marriage that she might take charge of Rob's Lasses and Penates, exacted subsequently long hours of evening attention, and sitting hand-in-hand, and Sunday walks, because, quoth she: "I MAUN ha ma dunes o' courtin'!"

LADY GAY.

EPISODES OF THE RIEL REBELLION

THE FOOT CAVALRY.

BY G. J. ASHWORTH.

WE LAY under canvas in the lovely Qu'Appelle Valley for nearly a month, during which time by dint of steady drill and constant out-post duty our regiment acquired a high state of proficiency in all military duties. A generous rivalry existed between the right and left half battalion. The right half was composed of the pick of the 35th Battalion, Simcoe Foresters ("O'Brien's lancers"), many of them from the lumbering regions of Muskoka, before whose gleaming axes the tall pines had many a time surrendered at discretion. Their muscles hardened by stern toil, and the wild, free life of backwoodsmen accustomed to look for relaxation to the pleasures of the chase, with an occasional "logging-bee" thrown in, they were splendid material for soldiers. Fighting was greatly favored by many of them, and "forty rod" was about their only medicine. Good nature proverbially goes with muscle, and of both they had a generous share. The left half was made up from the different companies of the 12th York Rangers, men of a brand rather more accustomed to the feverish life of towns and the amenities of modern civilization, but nevertheless an aggregation not one whit inferior to their comrades in the trifling matter of muscle, and fully as well ballasted in the more important item of "sand." Although vying with one another in matters of drill and discipline, their relations were most harmonious.

The fishing in the river and lakes was simply phenomenal. The shallower waters swarmed with huge pike, which were so plentiful that the men could actually wade in the water, armed with stable forks, and spear as many as they wanted, while the deeper waters were thick with pickerel. For a day or two after we reached Fort Qu'Appelle the atmosphere of the camp was heavily impregnated with the odor of fish. This odor at first was merely that of ordinary fried fish, but as time rolled on, complications set in and the smell became that of extraordinary (putre) fried fish, and in addition to having Indians hovering round the camp, flies and carrion crows began to darken the clouds. Fishing operations on the extended scale were promptly put a stop to by the commanding officer, and the men on the

ready at the call of duty, a good soldier, a trusty comrade and a faithful friend. Ferguson's father had come so far to meet his son's body and thanked us heartily. Poor man, I am sure he had our sincere sympathy in his affliction.

The continual reports of fighting that were fast following one another from the front made us most impatient and anxious to get a chance to show what we were made of, and everyone was delighted when on the tenth day of May we received orders to advance to the support of the General, who was then approaching Batoche. These orders were coupled with the information that the Winnipeg Light Infantry were marching over from Troy, to take our place at Fort Qu'Appelle. They marched in about nine o'clock that night singing most lustily, as they wound down the hill and along the level, Roll the Old Charlie Along, and looking as if their twenty-mile march sat but lightly upon them. However, I guess between ourselves that their bones were nearly as sore as their hearts were light, wherefore all the more honor to them. We did what we could to make them comfortable, supplying them with hot tea and cooked rations, and helping them up with their tents, and then after putting the finishing touches to our packing lay down to get some sleep preparatory to an early start.

Next morning the reveille roused us at three o'clock and we proceeded to strike tents. By half-past four we were ready for the march. The 91st and Winnipeg Cavalry gave us a parting cheer, and wished us lots of fighting and a safe return. The girls had promised to be up and wave a rag to us, and when we got about half-way up the hill to a point whence we could see the house that contained the darlings, about twenty pairs of expectant eyes were turned in that direction (on the sly). Sure enough, there was a white cloth being waved from the window, and twenty handkerchiefs were immediately brandished in reply and numerous kisses thrown (we knew they had a field glass). The cloth was still waving as we wound over the hill and out of sight, and possibly continued to wave till about 7.30 when they woke up and removed it, for we heard afterwards that they had carefully nailed their table-cloth to the mast the night before so that the poor boys

and we were not the kind of men to disappoint him in such a small matter. We stepped out right bravely, and by one o'clock arrived at Skunk Bluffs, eighteen miles out, where a detachment of No. 8 Company was stationed. This company, in my humble estimation, was the best in the regiment, being composed of picked men from the Newmarket and Sharon companies of the 12th, and had a great record.

Captain James Wayling is now colonel of the Rangers, 1st Lieut. John Knox Leslie is now captain of No. 6 Company of the same battalion, alderman of the city of Toronto, and ex-prospective member for East York, more power to his elbow; 2nd Lieut. John Alfred Walker Allan now commands No. 4 Company, New-

sweet reptiles most companionable and greatly given to sudden friendships. They were perfectly harmless but decidedly unpleasant bed-fellows, and lucky was the man who hadn't to bunk with more than one. Major Ward, the adjutant, woke up to find one sitting on his chest and several more snugly coiled up in the blankets. Our batman, private Jack Brady, had a rather unpleasant experience with one; he had had his hair cut with horse-clippers, which operation left him with nothing worth mentioning on his scalp. While soundly sleeping, a lizard crawled slowly over his cranium, which it had doubtless taken for a boulder, with somewhat startling effect. Poor Brady emitted a yowl worthy of the leading soprano of a ban-



THE NOBLE RED MAN'S IDEA OF A DIVISION OF LABOR.

market, and neither himself nor his company take back water from anything on top of earth.

"My father feared not shot nor shell,
Nor cared for death nor dangers;
He'd storm the very gates of Hell—
With a company of the Rangers."

Of course the above quotation does not apply strictly, but it is there or thereabouts.

We halted here for a couple of hours to take a rest and some refreshment, and also took advantage of the opportunity to nurse (and curse) our feet, which were beginning to freckle with blisterous appearances of decidedly dropsical promise. We had expected something of this nature, of course, and most of us, acting on the advice of some old campaigners, had greased the insides of the heel of our socks with brown soap. This precaution doubtless saved the socks from getting blisters on them, but was a job-blinded failure as far as the feet were concerned. In fact, so much were the men troubled with their boots during the next few days of heavy and continuous marching, that many of them discarded them entirely, notably No. 1 Company, from Penetanguishene and Coldwater, who set the pace with big Jack Landrigan at their head.

I have not space enough at my disposal by several columns to describe the events of this march in detail, but will simply give a few of the prominent incidents. We caught up with the cavalry on the second day out, they having halted for the night, but in seeing us stray past them about five o'clock p.m. they decided to keep up with the procession, and consequently remounted and came on. The day we passed through the Touchwood Hills it

shee chorus, and it took the united efforts of the whole quarter guard to pull him off the remains of the lizard, which in his excited state he had imagined to be at least ten feet long.

We crossed the salt plains during hot weather, and the alkali dust was very satisfying, filling our eyes, mouths, noses and insides to such an extent that every time I think of it I feel like calling for a beer.

Towards the evening of the third or fourth day out we got the news that the fight was over and Batoche taken. Next day we rested during the morning and only marched twelve miles in the afternoon. Our average up to this time had been thirty miles a day. By this time our blisters had pretty well turned into callosities and we were feeling much more comfortable in consequence. Our genial surgeon, McCarthy of Barrie (a brother of D'Alton of that ilk), had been bothered a good deal by complaints of these blisters, and had evolved a sure specific. He would ask the patient which foot was worst; if the patient complained of the right foot, the doctor would solemnly prescribe a "left hand pill"; if of the left foot, then a "right hand pill." These pills I have been credibly informed since were compounded of plaster of Paris and pepper, with a little baking powder thrown in to make 'em rise. I never took any myself, but can't resist giving away the receipt, even at the risk of a suit for damages.

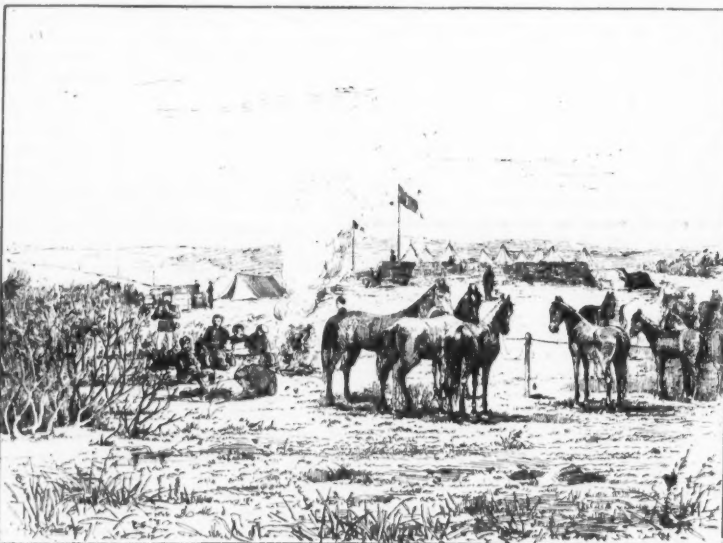
To make a long story short, we reached Humboldt, two hundred and ten miles from Qu'Appelle, on the evening of the eighth day, which gave us an average of twenty-six and a quarter miles per day, including half a day's halt, which I consider fully justified the name which Colonel G. T. Denison bestowed upon us of The Foot Cavalry. Humboldt, by the way, isn't any settlement at all, but is simply a telegraph station, which was in charge of one Anderson, a very jolly chap popularly known as "the General," who came originally, I believe, from Eglington, just out of Toronto.

The Body Guard had built a fortification which was a perfect model in its way, with bastions, etc., and a powder magazine. The design, I believe, was Col. G. T. Denison's own, and as that officer is the author of a standard book on Cavalry Tactics, and besides is far and away the best cavalry officer in the Dominion, he naturally took considerable pride in having everything just so, and the result reflected great credit on all concerned.

The notorious old scallawag, Whitecap, who made himself so detested by his fiendish atrocities in the great Minnesota massacre some years before, had been captured with the principal members of his band, and was in durance vile at Humboldt being closely looked after by the Body Guard.

We stayed at Humboldt over a month, but as the fighting was all over we took it pretty easy. The prairie was absolutely covered with flowers and alive with rabbits, ducks, prairie chickens, gophers, foxes, coyotes, with an occasional badger or sandhill crane. Our acting junior major, Colonel Wyndham, was our most indefatigable sportsman. He rode forty miles one day after a sandhill crane and saw some tracks, returned that night to camp and off again next day forty miles to bag "long legs." This was only one hundred and sixty miles for one crane! I merely give this as an instance of his perseverance, not that it was by any means his best effort.

We marched back to Fort Qu'Appelle in detachments, and finally left there about July 18 and heard a locomotive whistle for the first time for months that evening, whereupon we all cheered lustily. Then commenced the long series of triumphs that marked our return to home and friends.



GOVERNOR GENERAL'S BODY GUARD AT HUMBLDT.

camp fatigue duty were given an opportunity of catching their fish over again on dry land, a most exhilarating, pleasing and satisfying sport, cheerfully undertaken and carried out amid delightful and soothing volleys of well chosen original and elegantly assorted imprecations.

The society at the fort was somewhat limited, but what there was of it made us most heartily welcome. Every evening all the young officers of the regiment who happened to be off duty, rushed with an ardor worthy of all praise to the attack of a certain pianoforte. This forte was garrisoned by two pretty girls who carried on their defensive operations with tact, discretion and success. They shot glances at us, and every shot told; fired smiles in our direction, and before this heavier metal we fell in heaps. By the time the bugle sounded "lights out" from the camp and we were obliged to retire in disorder, there were generally so many wounded that we were greatly encumbered on the homeward march with quivering fragments of what had once been fine young men but now were wrecks. Up to the time we left the fort no sign of a practicable breach had yet appeared even in their out-works, and as for their don-jon keep "the round tower of their hearts," it was plainly never touched by the mashes of the York-Simcoe. Since then, however, I have noticed by the papers that one at least of them has waved the white flag and surrendered at discretion to a plain, ordinary, blamed civilian. Hey ho! Let her go—Gallagher!

Meanwhile stirring events were happening. While we were lying quietly at Fort Qu'Appelle with nothing but an occasional night alarm or an excursion into the surrounding district on detachment duty, to vary the monotony of mounting guard, the force under the immediate command of General Middleton was fighting the battle of Fish Creek and losing some of their best and bravest. I shall never forget the day that the bodies of Lieut. Swinford and Private Ferguson of the 90th came in on their way to Winnipeg. We did them what honor we could. The funeral party was under the command of Lieut. Charles D. Spry of the 35th, and I was one of the pall bearers. Poor Charley has since then gone to join Swinford among the majority, a victim of typhoid fever the year after the rebellion. He was the youngest officer in the regiment, being not quite eighteen, but one of the best, ever

should not be disappointed of the send off which they had promised us individually in a tearful voice, and with a gentle, oh, so gentle, pressure of the hand. Oh, woman! woman, thou art sly and artful! Why do we love thee still?

We had two hundred and fifty miles between



HARD-TACK AND TEA.

us and the seat of war at Batoche, but we were bound to get there in time if we possibly could, or bust, the understanding being that the General was waiting for us to reinforce him before attacking. Our commanding officer figured on twenty-five miles a day for ten days,

rained from morning till night with hardly a pause, and when we halted for the night the ground was soaked. The Touchwood Hills are not very high but they are the greatest place apparently for mosquitoes, black flies and lizards that I know of. We found the latter

Under the Great Seal

A NOVEL

By JOSEPH HATTON

Author of "Clytie," "By Order of the Czar," "John Needham's Double," "Cruel London," Etc.

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CHAPTER XV.

DAVID'S WIFE.

After frowning upon him and pursuing him with misadventure, even unto the very valley of the shadow of death, Fortune smiled upon David Keith and endowed him with happiness without a drawback beyond the common discounts that belong to the natural state of man. She had not altogether shielded him from the penalties of his hereditary passion of vengeance, but she had brought him through the perils thereof with a far less and much briefer punishment than that which had fallen to the lot of his father.

Moreover, David's good fortune in this respect was further secured, and guarantees given to Fate by his marriage with a woman who had the power and the opportunity to influence him in the direction of the most perfect charity.

Mildred Hope also had her reward of a silent and self-sacrificing love in the realization of her most sanguine hopes. She had never dared to pray for such bliss as had been vouchsafed her. The reader knows that her views of prayer were not in the direction of petitions for material blessings. They were rather the register of her own ambition to do good deeds, and to be worthy of heavenly recognition, than supplications for this, and that, and blessings upon her worldly enterprises. Hoping all things good, desiring power for the sake of others, she had inherited her unspoken desires, and saw her way to be God's almoner.

It had been a quiet wedding at the church where Mildred as a girl had received her first impulse of religious faith and active charity. She was a very beaming bride, despite that touch of seriousness in her manner and attire that had appealed to the worldly mind of Mrs. Charity Dene as not incompatible with love. Sally Mumford confessed that she had no idea how pretty Mildred really was until she saw her dressed for the wedding, that made Sally not less happy than the bride herself. David had recovered his strength, and his eye was almost as bright as his father's, his lips continually parting to laugh or say something expressive of his joy. He had come to love Mildred with a full heart, and to feel in it that sense of rest, security and serene happiness that could not for a single day have gone hand in hand in a union with Elmina Webb. Alan Keith was at the wedding, erect, clean-shaven, bony and wrinkled as ever, but with the deep-set eyes, long thin hands, prominent nose and broad wrinkled forehead that characterized his first appearance in Hartley's Row. Instead of the rough flannel cotton that usually fell about his throat, tied with a silk scarf of some odd color, Sally Mumford had induced him to put on a white linen shirt and a light blue stock with a gold pin in it. Nothing would induce him, however, to change his gaberdrich coat and his curious vest, but the buckles in his shoes had been polished, and they were nearly as white as Mildred Hope's teeth, which flashed now and then between her red lips. Sally was dressed in a gray silk gown with a pretty old-fashioned pelisse, and her gray hair was gathered in clusters of curls on each temple. Mr. Petherick gave the bride away, and Mr. Margrave, the trustee under Plympton's will, was one of the witnesses.

Margrave had waited at St. John's until the news of the loss of the Morning Star had left him nothing else to do but to return home; and now, after the wedding, Mr. Alan Keith had been able to give him such a fee with contingent promise of another as induced him to accompany the party on the wedding tour. The trip was to St. John's, this time from the London docks and by steam. The voyage had been delightful, and they had reached St. John's with the first warm sunbeams of an early summer.

They had been able to rent a furnished house belonging to one of the principal residents who had been tempted to take a holiday in Europe on the strength of Mr. Margrave's proposals, for the house which the astute London lawyer had made through the agent with whom he had long been in communication in regard to David Plympton's bequests. These testamentary gifts were chiefly in favor of David Keith, the property including certain wild and waste lands along the coast of Labrador and extending for some distance inland above Demon's Rock.

Soon after the party landed, therefore, Mildred found herself mistress of what was considered a very fine house for St. John's, with her father-in-law, Alan Keith, Sally Mumford, and Mr. Margrave as visitors. She proved quite equal in every way to her new duties, and Sally never tired of praising her and congratulating David on his clever and pretty wife. The only anxious times the two women experienced were during the weeks when David and Alan were away on their excursions to Wilderness Creek. There was no real cause for anxiety, and their fears were brief; they only belonged to the hours or days when the voyagers did not return very close to the times appointed; but David and Alan could not count upon the moment they might sail through the natural gateway of St. John's with their mysterious cargoes.

Everything had happened favorably for the Labrador treasure collectors. Mr. Margrave proved himself a useful ally in the disposal of the valuables. He made a journey to New York with bullion and precious stones, and paid a very large sum to David Keith's account through New York into the Bank of England, besides making deposits in David's name, for which he brought back scrip in three of the leading banks of the United States.

The deposit which Alan made in the friendly oasis above Demon's Rock he paid without fear or reservation into the bank at St. John's. Whatever he might feel as to certain of the treasures of Wilderness Creek, at least the board he had buried away in a secret corner only known to himself was without taint. It consisted of the fund made over to him by his

father-in-law, and in part of his own hard earned savings, when it had been settled that he and Freddie should go to Salem or Boston and buy a ship to fight against the buccaneering Riatack. The bank manager was only too glad to welcome to St. John's the heirs of David Plympton, father and son, and Alan announced his own and his son's intentions of promoting enterprises both commercial and charitable bearing upon the welfare of the colony. The bright-eyed old man even spoke of a railroad from St. John's to the two nearest neighboring settlements, and made various other wild suggestions that were quite in keeping with his strange foreign appearance. The first contract upon which he entered was preliminary to the erection of the fine memorials which now mark the locality of the last resting-places, firstly of Hannah Keith, and secondly of the Newfoundland dog Sampson. The broken column with its guardian angel that marks the grave of the belle of the vanished Heart's Delight and the monolith with its sculptured head of a dog that stands in the shadow of a group of tamaracs and other forest trees, are features of Back Bay Valley, sacred to memories that already belong to tradition and romance.

The new Heart's Content interested Alan Keith only in a negative way. It did not even suggest the village of Heart's Delight upon the ashes of which it was built. There was no trace of the Great House. The fish flakes were all new. The stakes up against which the well-dressed bodies of Riatack and Ruddock had floated, grim tributes to the rough justice of a great revenge, had disappeared. The houses were mostly of brick and stone. The quay was a firm and solid piece of workmanship. There were gardens, but the harbor of the Great House had been burnt up in the general conflagration and clearing which had been undertaken under the authority of the Great Seal of England. All was changed indeed. The inhabitants had little or no record of the past. The people whom Alan had known were mostly dispersed. Even to this day Heart's Content has little or no record of the village upon the ashes of which it was built. The oldest inhabitant had his stories of the days of the Fishing Admirals and of the war with America, but he was garrulous, often forgot names and dates, and so varied his stories that they had come to be regarded as fables. The grave in Back Bay Valley and the legend of the dog led into the tamarack had held their place in such romance as the district provided, and the valley had become a picnic ground once in a way during autumn days when the fishing was over, for family parties and the school, which was the principal institution of the new town. Alan had felt a deep sense of gratitude to Heart's Content on this account, and he gave practical expression to it in establishing a foundation of the schools and church beyond the possibility of future want.

If Heart's Content disappointed Alan by its absence of family landmarks, it was nevertheless the kind of fishing village and harbor that he and Plympton had thought of as possible at some future day. Plympton, as we all know, was far less sanguine than Alan, who was imbued with a pathetic sense of the destiny of the oldest British colony. Ungrateful step-mother as the old country undoubtedly was, Alan, with the keen-sighted provision of a shrewd and enterprising Scotchman, gauged the destiny of a territory that was bound to pass through the darkness in which he found it into the light of commercial prosperity, if not Imperial distinction. Alan's hopes and prophecies have been fulfilled, but the height to which his forecast was pointed discloses other heights which have to be climbed in the confirmation of Newfoundland's rights and privileges, and in fulfillment of the duty the mother country still owes to her oldest and nearest colony.

In their operations at Wilderness Creek, David and Alan had concluded that it would be well to concentrate their attention upon the cemetery and leave the upper regions of the territory for their final labors. Not a soul appeared in the region of Nasquappe to disturb them. A couple of eagles evidently had their home on a distant cliff seawards. They would sail now and then in a wide circle over the harbor and disappear behind the lower ranges of the hills; at night mysterious wings would swoop by them as they carried their last loads to the smacks—bats or owls or both; but no human voice was heard, no human footprint except their own marked the sandy shore of the secret harbor. At sea beyond the shelter of Wilderness Creek and far away from the dreaded rocks and shoals, fishing ships rode at anchor or trailed their nets; otherwise the two men were as much alone and as safe from interruption as the men of the St. Dennis had been with their aided protection of look-outs and sentinels. The light of the furnace which had during the favorable and lovely summer converted thousands of Spanish and English dollars and guineas into solid ingots and had obliterated the identity of many an antique vessel, cast a lurid light upon the foothills of the entrance to the cavern, and startled such winged life as had been hitherto unaccustomed to any of the disturbing evidences of man's ingenuity. David and Alan labored away with steady persistence. They had soon become accustomed to their wealth. David had long ceased to utter exclamations over every new find; but at night on board the smack, before turning in, father and son had built all kinds of castles in the air, castles that even their cargoes of treasures were not sufficient to encompass; and now and then David would draw from his father fresh details of his adventures, and the father from David hitherto unrelated incidents of his first voyage and wreck. Narratives of his early days in Venice would crop up in all Alan's stories; they came as his chief relief to the horrors of his slavery and imprisonment. Then he would go back to Heart's Delight and picture

to David the winter nights with his grandfather and his mother and Father Livello in the family circle. Considering the changes that had taken place in the colony, the settled peace at home, the countries covered in his father's record, his own boyhood, and the very remote times that Sally Mumford had spoken of, the smiles connected with the Wandering Jew which Alan used now and then seemed quite appropriate, and David found himself searching his memory for other parallels of his father's strange and long career. Alan told his son that when he reached his age he would find that looking back over half a century was no more than the yesterday of youthful retrospection. What made the time appear a little longer than time was, to persons who remained in one spot all their lives, were the many landmarks of varied events in different places, but even these at the last came very close together, and life, after all, was just no more and no less than Job described it. "We are but of yesterday and know nothing because our days upon earth are a shadow."

CHAPTER XVI.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

When the Nautilus had made her last voyage, and Alan and David had shoveled back the sand and re-erected the stones above the emptied treasure chests, Alan proposed that they should charter a vessel of more importance and fitted for comfort to make a pleasant coasting trip to Wilderness Creek, carrying sailors and carpenters and certain passengers, with a view to a few weeks' sojourn at the Berry Gardens, as he called the green spot above Demon's Rock.

David fell in with the idea, and in the waning days of summer they set about carrying it out. First the treasure had to be secure and, as far as possible, invested. This was done with the aid of Mr. Margrave, and such reminders as the Keiths desired to keep intact were packed, some of it into strong boxes and deposited in the bank, other stores being built into the cellars of the house they had rented, and which, during their absence, were placed in charge of the police, now properly organized and a responsible body, altogether different from the unofficial constabulary that did volunteer service when Alan Keith first knew the capital of the colony. David Plympton, besides his territorial rights at Heart's Content, had left certain properties, both at Halifax and St. John's, and when Alan and his party sailed on their cruise for Labrador it was made known in a general way that they were going to survey the lands that Plympton had purchased shortly before his death. Mysterious hints were thrown out that valuable minerals had been discovered there, accounting for Plympton's investment, which to all who had been made acquainted with it was regarded as nothing short of a mad waste of money.

There was a handsome vessel lying at St. John's, which exactly fitted Alan's requirements. He chartered it for the trip with its captain and crew. To these he added several local carpenters and a builder. By way of cargo they took an ample store of provisions, with a few articles of furniture, a store of bedding and cushions, and other necessities for an encampment. The passengers were Alan Keith, Mr. and Mrs. David Keith, and Sally Mumford. The London lawyer could not spare the time for holiday-making. He had many details to complete in connection with the Keith fortunes, and, moreover, he felt that it was best for him to remain at the beck and call of the local bankers and solicitors, who found themselves unusually busy with investments, transfers of stock, shipments of bullion, and so on, not to mention the clearing up of the bequests of the late David Plympton.

When the St. John's captain found himself off the point where Alan desired him to shape his course for Wilderness Creek, the experienced old sailor firstly refused to give the necessary orders. He was not going to risk his ship, let alone the lives he carried, on the word of any man. He had his sailing chart, he knew the coast. Alan Keith had his chart also, and he knew the coast far better he claimed than the St. John's captain. Alan's chart was an example of a complete survey, with every rock and channel clearly marked, not to mention soundings and points of observation that went into almost unnecessary details. The captain examined the nautical map with interest and curiosity. He admitted that there were harbors none the less safe because they were comparatively unknown, others that as yet had no place in recognized charts; he did not deny that there had been instances of ships being literally blown into sheltering waters where they only expected destruction, and from the very rocks that eventually proved their chief protection; indeed, he challenged none of Alan's statements except that of a clean, safe channel lying inside the jagged rocks at the very point upon which Alan desired him to steer. After a time the captain found himself leaning his back upon an argument that Alan soon found means of practically combating. The St. John's man said his crew would mutiny if he headed the ship for what must to them seem certain destruction even in the finest weather; one touch of such teeth as those that showed black and sharp in the blue, would be enough to cut a hole in the stoutest ship, or hold her tight and fast until she broke up. Finally, however, this last objection was overcome by the lowering of a boat, David and Alan taking the oars, and having with them the mate and one of the oldest hands among the crew. The sea was like a millpond, except where it climbed about the rocks that seemed to snap and bite at the waves in the mouth of the channel. Alan proposed to steer. Three hours were occupied with this experimental trip. The mate's report, backed by the enthusiastic endorsement of the old sailor, was so emphatic in Alan's favor that the ship was headed for the Creek, and with a summer breeze from the sea not more than enough to carry her behind the rocks and into deep water, the St. John's captain ran his vessel into the lovely harbor, amidst exclamations of surprise and such expressions of wonder as one might have imagined bursting from the pioneer crews of Columbus and Cabot in presence of their earliest discoveries.

Before sundown the cargo was unloaded and portions of it dragged through the cave, and hauled upon the table land above the Rock. Early the next morning the carpenters began to transform the ruined huts and sheds of the dead and gone crew of the St. Dennis into habitable shelters. Within thirty-six hours the little settlement was complete. The sailors and workmen remained on board ship. Alan and the rest, with a couple of servants, took up their quarters in and around the Berry Garden. Mr. and Mrs. David Keith were luxuriously accommodated. Sally Mumford was installed as head housekeeper, and she and her maids had a little wooden house all to themselves. Alan had his hammock slung in a cabin at the western corner of the garden, dominating the valley, and also having a broad view of the sea, and bits of the rocky coast. The perfume of land-flowers all the time mingled with the smell of ocean weed that came up with whiffs of pungent ozone. The plants which would bear their various fruits in the autumn were in full bloom in the Berry Garden. Swallows had built their nests on the face of Demon's Rock filled the sunny air with their brisk cries. In the early mornings singing birds, with fewer notes but gayer feathers than the songsters of England, made their humble music in the grove of larch and spruce and birch that dipped down into the valley beyond. Butterflies winged their lazy flight from flower to flower and from bush to bush. The drowsy hum of bees mingled with the tiny plants, and curious signalings of still smaller things. Nature was just as busy in every direction as if all the civilized world had been looking on. It is wonderful to think what myriad communities of beings, perfect of their kind, endowed with beauties beyond all the arts of man, are living within the laws of nature and by the divine fiat in every part of the globe utterly irrespective of human knowledge and beyond all human ken. In this vast animal kingdom philosophers tell us the fittest survive the universal conflict for existence. It must be a study of vast import and interest to consider the survival of the fittest in families and nations. The survivors of the wreck and blight of a hard world who come within the reader's contemplation at the conclusion of these faithful records, whether they be the fittest or otherwise, are notable examples of mixed fortunes; and while it is always more or less sad to say good-bye, in this case one has the satisfaction of taking leave when the glass of good fortune is at "set fair" in the lives of men and women whom we love. I hope I may say "we" in this connection, for then I shall not be alone in my reluctance to turn away from the Berry Garden of Labrador on this closing picture of a happy holiday.

They are sitting in the doorway of Alan Keith's log cabin, the four persons who bring this story to an end. It is evening. The sun has gone down. The sea is beginning to reflect a few stars and the image of the young moon. Alan Keith is smoking his long pipe. Sally Mumford is coaxing from her knitting needles the consolation of a more feminine habit. Alan does not taste the tobacco. Sally only hears the clatter of her needles. They are both thinking of the past, while finding their happiness in the present; for David is his happiness, David and the sweet wife who is worthy to be named while they are thinking of his mother. Mildred and David have risen from their low seats to watch the last beams of the sun give way to the silvery light of the crescent moon, which now looks like a brooch on the bosom of the sea. They are all touched by the beauty of the scene, and there is just the merest suggestion of a pang in the note of the plover that comes up from the valley. They have already heard its warning cry. They know the summer is over. Thoughts unbidden and reflections that come of themselves belong to moments such as these. David finds himself hoping that when the last change of all comes to his father and the faithful woman who sits with her knitting on her knee and her thoughts far away, it will be like the summer that gradually fades into autumn and goes out with a gentle sigh that you do not know for one or the other, summer or autumn.

Presently there rises up in the Berry Garden a figure that looks like an antique warrior, the victorious counterpart of that torn and bleeding wail of the sea that gathered himself up from the jagged rocks of the cruel Bahamas and faced the lances of the burning sun. "Many a time I've stood and looked across the waters and seen visions," said Alan; "some have come true and some have mocked me!" The storm. I wonder what ye may see, David, my son, as ye look out now wif' your wife by your side and God's immortal star above ye, that that wonderful wee bit moon down yonder sae clear and bright that the sea might be the heavens and the heavens the sea!" Alan put his arm about David's shoulders as he spoke, and David drew Mildred still closer by his side.

"May I answer for David?" the young and happy wife asked, leaning her head against David's strong arm.

"Aye, my lassie, tell us what ye see wif' your gentle spiritual eyes."

"I see a great hospital with soft-voiced nurses flitting from bed to bed; I see gentle almoners visiting the fatherless and the widow; I see orphan waifs of the street gathered into clean and homely shelters and fed and taught to read and pray; I hear the voices of a happy choir singing in a new church at Heart's Content; I see ships of God going out into the dark waters to take comfort for soul and body to the fishermen of the North Sea and their brethren of Newfoundland; I see unsuspected misery discovered by sympathetic search and restored to health and work; I see a sad world made brighter and I hear thousands blessing the name of Alan Keith."

"My child," said the old man, "if this may be so it shall stand as an everlasting assurance of the unbounded mercy o' God to a wicked but penitent sinner."

THE END.

A Convincing Excuse.

Adolphus George Washington Richling is the name of a colored "gommen" who does not pine for social equality, but social rights. On a recent occasion Adolphus G. W. had business dealings with a real estate firm down town, and in the transaction Adolphus was paid some money. Some weeks later the books of

Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith



Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old mother urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past to remind me of the good

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the firm were balanced up, and it was found that someone had been paid ten dollars too much. The surplus was traced to the imperturbable Richling, and he was called in to explain. Nothing daunted, he made his appearance and explained as follows: "Well, you see, Mr. Phelps, I know'd you'd done paid me too much. I expected it all the time. But de fact am, sah, you done call me 'coon' up here one day, and I 'spose'd you jist trowed dat ten dollars in on account of dat, sah."

He was forgiven.—Kansas City Times.

He Was Embarrassed.

Jinks was a young man who had been married a year, and he was telling a friend how difficult he was when single. "Were you much embarrassed when you popped the question?" asked his friend. "Embarrassed? Well, I should say I was. I owed \$1,500 for board and clothes and one thing or another, and didn't have a darned cent to pay it with."

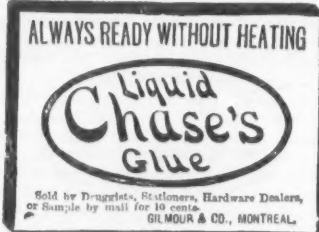
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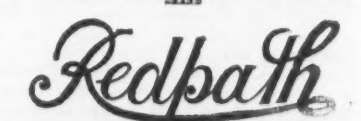
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Special Brand, the finest which can be made.

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Of all Grades and Standards.

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Of all Grades in Barrels and half Barrels.

SOLE MAKERS

Of high class Syrups in Tins, 5 lbs. and 6 lbs. each.

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The Slipper Trick

This vanished dancing-pump was slipped off the foot of an exquisite young man at a reception at one of the leading salons of Paris. My eminently correct readers need not turn up their aristocratic noses at the vulgar lack of delicacy betrayed by my exquisite young man. Let him among you who does not adore a dainty foot cast the first stone.

Octave Latournelle—that is my exquisite young man's name—was not only a perfect dancer; he possessed not only two very nimble legs, but two very nimble hands, whereof the adroitness was the admiration of all his friends. Indeed, the most expert conjurer would not have been ashamed to own him for a pupil. At his word of command watches passed from one pocket to another, gold coins vanished into thin air, flowers grew upon him as if on a magical bush—he drew them forth from his pockets, his sleeves, his waistcoat, his cravat, in quantities sufficient to decorate the corsages of all the ladies present; and this, after having, by way of preamble, turned his pockets inside out, rolled up his sleeves, and opened his waistcoat. In a word, he was the enchanter of the best drawing-rooms and the spoiled child of the ladies.

Perhaps, rather than the spoiled child, he considered himself the petted darling. At any rate, he was in love, and he made that fact known with the audacity that often gives suc-

cess. The object of his adoration was the young wife of General Pascalon—it is only the husband's rank that restrains me from mentioning the disparity of their ages. But all generals have young wives, which is only another proof that the truly brave do not recoil from dangers of any kind. It is traditional, in cases of this kind, that the husband should be jealous, but General Pascalon was not so. But, if he was not an Othello, neither was he a fool. Trusting in the loyalty of his young wife, he cherished no illusions. He enjoyed many a Palais-Royal farce—with his wife by his side, more often than not, which was imprudent, perhaps—but he also escorted her to balls, never pleading his age as an excuse, and waited patiently for her till after the cotillon; and to all appearance his wife was quite content.

Perhaps she was so. But there were plenty of young fellows who would look down at you from the high superiority of their twenty-five years if you ventured to express such an idea, and say:

"With an old fellow like that! Really, you are too refreshing."

The general was not to be laughed at. He knew his danger, not only before all the world had seen it, but before anyone else suspected it, and he saved his honor like a man of intelligence—which, indeed, he could have done in no other way.

And this brings us down at last to the vanished slipper of the exquisite young man. I have said that the affair took place in the midst of a reception. Dancing was going on in the larger rooms; the general was chatting with some of the older guests in a small room adjoining the one set out with card-tables. He happened to glance carelessly towards the players, and started suddenly in surprise.

"Bless me," said he, putting up his glasses, "there's my wife at a whist-table. I certainly thought she was waiting, or perhaps, or something, and there she is playing whist. She must be very tired, for she never plays cards and is always dancing. I shall have to scold her," he added with a frown, "for indulging herself so much in her favorite pleasure that she has to do penance at the card-table," and he strolled leisurely toward the players.

A jostle knocking his glasses from his eyes as he reached the whist-table, he stooped to pick them up, and saw beneath the table a slipper, a patent-leather pump, from which his tenant had escaped and now, shod only in fine black silk hose, was lovingly caressing the little foot of the general's wife. But he also noticed that the latter constantly avoided the foot that so persistently pursued her own.

"Hum," said the general, taking in the situation at a glance, "the fortress is attacked, but it is well defended. I have arrived just in time." Then, smiling calmly as if he had seen nothing, leaning over his wife's chair, questioning and advising her play, he devoted himself to a feat that would have furnished a dramatist with an irresistibly comic theme, considering the difficulties of the situation. The general had undertaken to draw toward him with the tip of his boot the abandoned slipper, provoking every instant sudden jerks from ostled feet, protestations from disturbed players, astonished looks from those who could see the extraordinary movements of his leg, and the remonstrance from his wife:

"My dear, what makes you knock my chair about so? You are giving me a headache."

At this moment the mistress of the house came up to ask Latournelle if he would not perform some of his amusing tricks.

"Certainly, I shall be delighted," he answered nervously, preoccupied as he was by the extraordinary movements of the general, who stooped down just then, as if to pick up something, and immediately got up and left the group.

"Well, sir," said the lady, "give me your arm, and I will introduce you. Your audience is growing impatient."

"Certainly, madame, in just one moment," said Latournelle, feeling with his foot for his slipper, and so recommencing the remarkable jig executed by the general a few moments before. Now the other players laughed outright—which they had not dared to do the first time. And the mistress of the house stood there, surprised at being kept waiting so long, and wondered how much longer her escort would keep her in that attitude. Impatient ladies came in shoals to add their solicitations to those of their hostess. Our young man positively had to get out of the predicament somehow. He did get out of it, but with only one shoe, for he also had stooped down and discovered the disappearance of his misguidedly slipper, and he marveled, in deep anxiety, how he was going to explain such a state of affairs.

His one shod foot provoked general hilarity, then delighted applause and cries of "It's a trick! It's some trick!"

The petted darling of the ladies smiled a weak smile and stammered:

"Yes, ladies—it is a trick."

Applause, accompanied by a general clapping of hands, greeted this announcement, while Latournelle kept saying to himself:

"Oh, yes, it's a trick; but someone has played it on me, and I don't find it so very funny. If I only knew who it was"—then, struck with an idea—"Heavens! If it could be the general—his singular performance just now—and I saw him stoop down—if it was really he, it would be a pretty uncomfortable joke for me. How can I make sure?"

As he escorted the lady through the room, he tried to get near the general. He managed to do so, and with the back of his hand he cautiously knocked against the pocket of the general's coat which he suspected contained the slipper—there was nothing there! He tried to sound the other pocket, but a slight move on the general's part carried him out of reach; to touch it, it was necessary to pass around on the side where it was.

"Where in the world are you taking me?" demanded the lady on his arm.

"Why—er—to the head of the room," and as he was now on the right side of the general, he wanted to try the other pocket. Here was a new obstacle that he had not foreseen; the fact that the lady had the arm nearest the general made any attempt at exploration impossible. He offered the other, on the pretext of an old wound which was painless, and was able at last to repeat his former tactics. This time he was satisfied. "It's there!" he murmured, and he did not enjoy the reflection that the husband of his adored one had discovered his manoeuvres under the table.

"Well, I'm in a pretty mess," he concluded. Everybody had crowded into the room; there was an expectant hush, and all were on tiptoe for the promised trick. There was no way to retreat.

"Here goes," said the imprudent lover: "I must take the plunge, come what may." And he plunged.

"Ladies," he said, "I have lost my slipper. I have not got it concealed about my person: my pockets are empty"—he turned them inside out—"nor is it in my coat"—he held it open—"nor in my waistcoat"—he unbuttoned it—"nor in my sleeves"—and he turned them up to his elbows. "You see, ladies, I have nothing in my hands or my pockets. I must find out, then, where the lost article is. Nothing is more simple; I have only to make a slight cabalistic calculation." With this he covered his face with his hands, and assumed an attitude of profound cogitation. Then, without removing his hands, he counted: "One, two, three, four, five. My slipper," he cried, "is in the left pocket of the sixth person to my right."

This person was the general.

"Not bad!" the latter exclaimed, under his breath; and in obedience to the universal cries of "Search yourself, search yourself, general," he drew the slipper from the pocket indicated.

A storm of applause was evoked by the brilliant success of the trick. Then, after much whispering, several voices cried: "Oh, the general is his confederate."

"Yes, yes," came a chorus of voices: "he's a confederate."

The conjurer protested.

"Do it again, then!" someone demanded, and everybody took up the cry: "Yes, yes! Do it again!"

"Oh," said a lady, "the general has just been whispering to M. Latournelle." And the cry went up again that he was a confederate.

The general affirmed that he was in no sense furthering the conjurer's devices.

"But you were just whispering with him," insisted the witnesses of the conference.

"The exact truth is this, ladies: You asked the conjurer to repeat his performance. I just this moment told him that it was one of those tricks that should not be tried a second time—did I not, sir?" said the general significantly.

"Precisely, general; and I shall follow your advice," replied Latournelle. "It shall not be repeated."

And it never was.—Translated from the Argonaut from the French of Jules Moineaux by L. S. Vassault.

An Ancaster Miracle.

Restored to Health After Being Given up by Four Doctors.

The Remarkable Case of a Copetown Lady—Afflicted With Paralysis, Suffering Intense Agony and Pronounced Incurable—She is Again Restored to Health and Vigor—She Tells Her Story for the Benefit of Other Sufferers.

Dundas Star.

During the past two years many of our most reputable exchanges have given accounts of wonderful cures occurring in the localities in which they were published. These cures were all effected by a remedy that has made for itself the most remarkable reputation of any medicine ever brought before the notice of the public; so remarkable indeed that it is a constant theme of conversation, and the name among the most familiar household words. We refer to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Many of the cases published told the story of people given up by the doctors, and who were on the very threshold of the other world when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to their notice. The cases reported were in most instances distant from Dundas, and for this reason might not be considered of more than passing interest. For the past month, however, the report was current in town of a wonderful cure accomplished by these same pills in the township of Ancaster. It was stated that Mrs. D. S. Horning, wife of a prominent farmer, residing about a mile west of the village of Copetown and seven miles from Dundas, had been given up by the doctors and that she had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. So great was the interest taken in the case that the Star decided to investigate it, and a few days ago a representative went up to the Horning homestead for that purpose. In passing through Copetown he learned that very little else was talked of but the remarkable recovery of Mrs. Horning. Possibly the fact that both Mrs. Horning and her husband were born in the immediate neighborhood, and are presumably known to everybody in the country around, increases the

interest in the case. The Star man on arriving at the Horning residence was admitted by Mrs. Horning herself. She looked the picture of health, and it was hard to believe that she was the same woman who was at death's door four months ago. In answer to the question as to whether she had any objection to giving a history of her case for publication, Mrs. Horning replied that she had not. "I consider that my recovery was simply miraculous; I give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills all the credit, and I am willing that everybody should know about it." Mrs. Horning then gave the following history of her remarkable recovery:

"A year ago I was taken ill with what the doctor called spinal affection, which finally resulted in partial paralysis, my legs from the knees down being completely dead. My tongue was also paralyzed. On the first of July last I took to my bed, where I lay for four months. No tongue can tell what I suffered. I was sensible all the time and knew everything that was going on, but I could not sleep for the intense pain in my head. Our family doctor said I could not live and three other doctors called in consultation agreed with him. I felt myself that it would be only a short time until death would relieve me of my sufferings. Neighbors came in; twenty-five or thirty every day, and every time they went away expecting that it was the last time they would see me alive. I quit taking doctors' medicine and gave up all hope. About four months ago a friend came in and read an account in the Toronto Weekly News of the miraculous recovery of an old soldier named E. P. Hawley, an inmate of the Michigan Soldiers' Home, at Grand Rapids. The story he told exactly tallied with my condition, and it was on that account that I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. When I began taking Pink Pills I was so ill that I could only take half a pill at a time for the first few days. Then I was able to take a whole one after each meal, and have continued taking them. After I had taken over a box I began to experience a strange tingling sensation all over my body, and from that time out I began to improve. In a month I could walk with a cane or by using a chair from one room to another. My general health also improved. In fact, my experience was like that of the old soldier, whose case had induced me to give the pills a trial. While taking the pills at the outset I had my legs bathed with vinegar and salt and rubbed briskly. It is now four months since I began taking the Pink Pills, and from a living skeleton, racked incessantly with pain, I have as you see been transformed into a comparatively well woman. I am doing my own housework this week and am free from all pain and sleep well. When my neighbors come to see me they are amazed, and I can tell you there is great faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in this section, and many are using them. When I began taking Pink Pills I made up my mind that if I got better I would have the case published for the benefit of others and I am glad you called, as I am sure I would now be dead if it had not been for Pink Pills."

Mrs. Horning stated that she purchased the Pink Pills at Mr. Comport's drug store in Dundas, and Mr. Comport informed us that his sales of Pink Pills are large and constantly increasing.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' Dance, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of the grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale, sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark (printed in red ink) and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Trouble Brewing.

"Say, Jimmy," said one small Freeman street boy to his neighbor, in a sepulchral pleading tone, "please don't sling all them old chicken heads over in our front yard."

"Why not?" was the cold reply.

"Why," said the first, with a suspicious tremble in his tone, "the preacher in our church is in the parlor and if he sees them chicken heads he'll stay to dinner sure—and there's only one pie, and it's got sugar on it, too!"

One touch of nature made the whole world kin, and the chicken heads were not thrown.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A Hard Case.

Lord Tuffnut—it seems to be a very arbitrary constitutional law of yours, that a man must be born in the United States in order to become President.

Mr. Barnes (of New York)—Yes. But we have another still more exacting.

Lord Tuffnut—Dear me! What is that?

Mr. Barnes (of New York)—A man must be born in Ireland to become a policeman.

Borrowing Trouble

Mother (to seven-year-old daughter)—Carrie, what makes you look so sad?

Carrie—In thinking what a bother that little brother will be to me about ten years from now when I enter society and have a beau.

LABATT'S LONDON ALE AND STOUT

For Dietetic and Medicinal Use, the most wholesome tonics and beverages available



Eight Medals and Ten Diplomas at the World's Great Exhibitions

JOHN LABATT

London, Ont.

JAS. GOOD & CO., Agents, Toronto

JAMAICA 1891

William Radam Vindicated

THE RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER CASE SETTLED BY A VERDICT FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

The case of William Radam, inventor of Radam's Microbe Killer, against Dr. Eccles and the *Druggists' Circular* and *Chemical Gazette* was decided yesterday by a jury before Judge Andrews in the Supreme Court. Mr. Radam received a verdict and a complete vindication from the charges made by Dr. Eccles in an article published in the *Druggists' Circular* in September, 1889, attacking the microbe killer. The article stated that the microbe killer was compounded of poisonous drugs, and that any patient using it would die of cumulative poisoning, but the testimony showed that it is an antiseptic gas impregnated in water and contained no drugs.

"From the day of the publication of this article," said Mr. Radam to-day, "the *Druggists' Circular* has attacked not only myself and the microbe killer, but has assailed other members of my company and even my patients. But the attempt to injure me and my company has failed, and I have won my suit."

"I had twenty witnesses in court who testified under oath that they had been cured by the microbe killer of many diseases after long and unsuccessful treatment by prominent physicians. I had thirty other witnesses ready to bring forward and also had special cars at Philadelphia, Chicago and Baltimore ready to bring on more witnesses, but they were not required. Those who did go on the stand testified that they had been cured by the microbe killer of cancer, catarrh, dyspepsia, inflammation, rheumatism, blood poisoning, asthma, consumption, pneumonia, diphtheria and many other complicated diseases."

"One of the charges made by Dr. Eccles in the *Druggists' Circular* was, that if the microbe killer were taken internally in large doses it would be fatal, but I brought forward twenty witnesses who proved that it was not poison when taken internally, even in the largest quantities. They swore that they had taken, some from fifteen gallons to one hundred and sixty gallons internally, in periods ranging from three months to three years. One patient, a lady, had taken one hundred and sixty gallons of the microbe killer and was cured and left in perfect health. She had been bedridden nine months with inflammatory rheumatism and had nearly lost her sight. Yet she was in court completely recovered. Her case was regarded as a miracle."

"I had among my witnesses many prominent people, including railroad officials, merchants and professional men."

"The verdict of \$500," concluded Mr. Radam, "is satisfactory in view of the fact that on the trial no injury to the business of the Radam Company was shown; but the jury, convinced of the libelous character of the article attacking me personally, rendered a nominal verdict for that amount. I am gratified, for it is a complete vindication of the unjust charges and libelous attack on the microbe killer."—*New York Mail and Express*.

A Vital Point.

"One question, dear, before I say yes to your offer of marriage," said the Chicago maiden.

"Ask it, my precious one."

"In case of divorce, what alimony do you pay?"

A Fashionable Drink.

Menier Chocolate is a fashionable drink. Did you ever try it? Send postal card for samples and directions to C. Alfred Chouillon, Montreal.

A Heartless Wretch.

Mrs. Newlywed—I am so glad we came to Chicago on our bridal tour.

Mr. Newlywed—Are you going to do your own cooking, my dear, when we get back to New York?

Mrs. Newlywed—Yes, darling.

Mr. Newlywed—Then I'm glad, too, we came to Chicago. After the fare we have had at a Chicago hotel a man can put up with almost anything short of frozen rocks.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

A NERVE FOOD AND TONIC. The most effective yet discovered.

Not Idle Curiosity.

"Why do you stare at me in this manner?" asked Mr. McAmsterdam of a tramp on King street.

"Excuse me; I was measuring the length of your legs with my eye. I thought my legs would fit a pair of your pants," replied the philosopher.

Get the Best

The public are too intelligent to purchase a worthless article a second time, on the contrary they want the best! Physicians are virtually unanimous in saying Scott's Emulsion is the best form of Cod Liver Oil.

A Great Love.

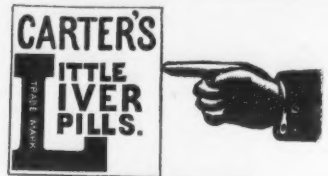
Cecil—No, Weggy; you must not tempt me—weally you must not. I promised her I would smoke but three cigarettes a day.

Reginald—Oh, Cecil, dear boy! How you must love her.

The Yott Case

KINGSTON, May 22nd.—The big ferry steamer Pierrepont has carried many a visitor to Wolfe Island recently to interview Mr. L. Yott, a farmer of that island whose wonderful cure by Dodd's kidney pills was recently published in these columns.

The publication of so many marvelous cures had already excited much interest in this community, and now that we have proof of what has been said of this remedy at our very doors it is talked of on all sides. Mr. Yott's case was one that had excited the pity and anxiety of everyone for many years and now that he is well and strong the people are not only much gratified with the result but interested in the incontestable proof that Dodd's kidney pills certainly strike right at the seat of the diseases for which they are recommended and are certain in their results.



CURE SICK HEAD

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

ACHE

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

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Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents. Five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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Music.

THE Toronto Young Women's Christian Association are indebted to the pupils of the Toronto College of Music for an excellent concert given on Thursday evening of last week in Association Hall for the benefit of the furnishing fund of the society. An interesting programme was provided, including organ solos by Miss Florence Clark and Mr. B. K. Burden, piano solos by Miss Topping, a Mendelssohn trio for piano, violin and cello by Miss Sullivan, Mr. Boucher and Mr. Morgan, the Beethoven Kreutzer Sonata for piano and violin by Miss Cowley and Mr. Boucher, a cello solo by Mr. Russell, a trio for cellos by Miss Massie, Miss Halliday and Mr. Russell, and vocal numbers by Miss Forbes, Miss McKay, Miss Snarr and Mr. Burt. The manner in which these different numbers were interpreted called forth the hearty applause of the large audience present, several encores being demanded. Specially worthy of mention were the organ solos by Miss Clarke, the piano solos by Miss Topping, the ensemble numbers for piano and strings and several of the vocal solos. The concert was under Mr. Torrington's direction, who also officiated as accompanist during the evening.

A piano recital was held on the same evening in St. George's Hall, Elm street, by pupils of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, the well known composer and teacher of the pianoforte. The comfortable little hall was well filled by an appreciative and critical audience who thoroughly enjoyed the well contrasted programme prepared for the occasion, which included compositions by Grieg, Chopin, Liszt, Schumann, Debussy, Schumann, Raff, Mendelssohn, Nevin, Wagner-Bendel, Rubinstein and Beethoven. The following pupils took part in the performance, their work indicating careful and skilful tuition, and in most instances the possession of considerable talent on the part of the performers: Misses Lillian Kennedy, Margaret Van Etten, Muriel Lilley, Nellie Evison, Lucy Kennedy and Anna Proctor, and Mr. Cecil Carl Forsyth and A. T. Barnes. The excellent Knabe piano used on this occasion was furnished by Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, the Toronto agents for this celebrated firm.

Mr. W. Elliott Haslam of New York, formerly of Toronto, proposes visiting this city shortly to arrange for a summer term of instruction in vocal music for all desirous of availing themselves of it. So many of Mr. Haslam's former pupils have written him requesting him to arrange for a summer course of study in Toronto that it is more than probable his time will be fully occupied during the summer months here. It is Mr. Haslam's intention while here to devote himself more particularly to those who sing in a professional way in church or concert. To such the summer term will be of especial use in augmenting their repertoire for the following season. I am glad to learn that Mr. Haslam has been very successful in his present New York season. Some of his pupils have been most fortunate in securing excellent engagements and the press of that city speaks in high terms concerning his work, as clippings at hand from the New York Musical Courier and World testify.

I understand that Miss Bessie Bonnell of this city, who has been pursuing her studies with Mr. Haslam in New York, has been engaged as contralto soloist to accompany the Ovid Musin Company on their American tour next season. Miss Bonnell sang some time ago an old classical aria, by Rossini, in the Madison Square Concert Hall before Dr. Dvorak, Seldi, Capouli and Sapio, who complimented her very highly on her ability, asking her where and with whom she had studied.

A monster chorus of eighteen hundred voices is being prepared for the annual concert by the school children of Toronto to be given in the Mutual street Bunk on June 2, under the direction of Mr. Cringan, the capable teacher of music in our public schools. The band of the Royal Grenadiers has been engaged to play the accompaniments on this occasion, and Mr. Cringan states that the quality of work to be expected from the chorus this season will surpass any of their previous efforts, this being largely due to the great improvement in the general work accomplished by Mr. Cringan and his assistants during the year, owing to a gradual perfection of the system employed by Mr. Cringan. It is difficult to estimate the great good accomplished through the teaching of music in our public schools. I regret that greater liberality is not shown by our School Board in granting appropriations for the development of this most deserving work, the true importance of which few seem to realize.

Several unfortunate printer's errors were allowed to creep into my report of Miss Hillary's Choral Club's concert in last week's SATURDAY NIGHT. As these materially altered the sense of intended remarks, I take this opportunity of rectifying the errors mentioned. In speaking of Miss Archer's violin solos the significant word "abroad" was omitted after the word "study" in the sentence "Nor was her style lacking in repose or in qualities which many who have spent years in study fail to acquire." The word "singing" in the following sentence should read "playing."

It will interest many to know that Miss Archer's violin instructor is Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, whose work The Week of the Hesperiads created so favorable an impression upon its presentation here last week by the Ladies' Choral Club.

The German bands which hold forth in the German village at the Chicago World's Fair have had a most enthusiastic reception in New York, the Madison Square Gardens being crowded for successive nights at their appearances there. These bands number one hundred performers and were selected in consequence of the refusal of the German Emperor to allow any of the regular military bands of the Empire to visit America. Notwithstanding the popular success of this organization, its artistic merits do not honestly represent the average standard of German military bands. Reginald de Koven

writes to *Harper's Weekly* concerning the standard of this scratch organization, that it is rather below than equal to the average of regular military music in the Fatherland. The French band of the Garde Republicaine, which is announced to visit Chicago, will in all probability be the finest organization of its kind at the Fair. This band recently performed in London, England, and its superb playing drew forth highest praise from critics of the Motherland. The London *Musical News* in referring to the work of this magnificent body of musicians stated that "It would be difficult to conceive anything more striking than are the performances of this fine military orchestra. The presence of the band in London will doubtless accentuate the consideration of the artistic advancement of our own military bands."

The entertainment given at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening of last week under the patronage of Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick and Archbishop Walsh, by the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association, was in every way a success. The lecturer of the evening, Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, the well known poet and elocutionist, chose for his subject The Genius and Character of the Poet Longfellow, and for an hour delighted and charmed the large and fashionable audience assembled by his sympathetic interpretation and recital of the chief poems of America's greatest poet. The musical part of the programme was of a high order of merit, the singing of Harold Jarvis and Miss Miller being particularly admired. Miss Marguerite Dunn gave two recitations which met with great favor. J. J. Foy, Q.C., occupied the chair. The Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Society are to be congratulated on the success and excellence of their entertainment.

A large congregation attended the Passion Service in the Metropolitan church on Monday evening last, when the Mercantile's Passion music, which was rendered by the choir of the church under Mr. Torrington's direction some time ago, was repeated. Solos were taken by Miss Brimston, soprano; Miss Flint, alto; Mr. R. A. Shaw, tenor, and Mr. A. E. Curran, bass, all of whom gave satisfactory interpretations of the work allotted them. The chorus also sang with good effect and the service throughout was attentively listened to by those present. Mr. Torrington presided at the organ during the evening with his accustomed skill.

The report of the Orpheus Society's presentation of William Tell on Tuesday evening will be found in another column of this issue.

MODERATO.

Musical Editor Saturday Night:

DEAR SIR—With appreciation of favors granted by you touching upon the interests of The Toronto Orchestral School, I would ask the privilege of correctly informing you and also the numerous readers of your valuable paper on a few points referred to in your notice of SATURDAY NIGHT, May 20.

The one thousand dollars referred to as a guarantee fund for the school's operation for the next season is in form of a *bonafide* subscription to the regular concerts, embracing a period of five consecutive seasons, and I may add is a portion only of the amount to be secured. Regarding the work of the orchestra, as compared with that of last season and the first of the present one, I feel confident that had you been present at any of the concerts either season there would have been no necessity for a contradiction of the statement that "The work of the orchestra at the closing concert of this season was not an advance on its achievements of last season or its first appearance this year," and in which opinion I am sustained by the city press, the sentiments expressed in a large number of letters received since the concert from prominent patrons of music who were present, and hearty congratulations and commendations by not a few connoisseurs at the close of the entertainment.

The examinations and grading alluded to will be simply carrying into effect the original design of the school by its founder, Mr. Torrington. This and all else embraced by the first plan of the institution will be carried out in proportion to the financial provision made from time to time. Again thanking you for your consideration,

Very sincerely yours,
S. T. CHURCH,
Managing Sec'y.

Toronto, May 25.

Verdi.

Giuseppe Verdi, the great composer, is a spare-built man of nervous manner, with curly white hair and a pointed beard, and though rising nine-and-seventy, is still vigorous, both mentally and physically. He leads the life of a pampered recluse. He has for years cut himself off entirely from the world, his only appearance among his fellow-men being on the occasion of the production of one of his new operas. He recently emerged from his seclusion to take part in the presentation of Falstaff, which took the world of music by storm. He lives in solitary state at his castle near Busseto, which is situated in the midst of a wild and desolate landscape and surrounded by a triple row of lofty walls. His only companions are two enormous Pyrenean hounds, and his entire days are spent in his study, which is quite shut off from the rest of the castle, and from which he emerges only to eat and sleep. No one is admitted to his presence except those who come by special invitation, so that often a distinguished personage will make his way over to the guarded stronghold only to be met with the information that there is no admission. Four years since he celebrated the jubilee of his career as a composer, which began in 1839. It is interesting to note that his two most popular operas, *Trovatore* and *Traviata*, were brought out in the same year—1853. A fine dramatic gift and a love of showy, taking melodies lie at the root of his remarkable success. He has naturally been decorated beyond endurance. Thirty years ago he was a member of the Italian Parliament. He enjoys the further distinction of having refused a marquise.—*M. Crofton, in June Lippincott's*.

An Adventure With Wolves.

We were camped on the north shore of Red Lake, way up in northern Minnesota. There were but two of us, my companion being an old guide and hunter named Jim Bascome. On an October afternoon, while I was following the trail of a wounded deer and was about three miles away from camp, I got my foot caught in a mass of roots and was thrown violently to the ground. I was running at the time, and the fall not only stunned me for several minutes, but I had no sooner recovered consciousness than I realized that I was helpless. My right leg was not broken, but I had given it such a twist that it throbbed and ached from ankle to hip. I got up after a bit, but only to fall down again. I couldn't bear an ounce of weight on that leg without screaming with pain. I dragged myself a few feet backward to a big tree, and when I had secured a rest for my back I began to wonder what I should do.

Jim had gone off before noon by himself, and even if in camp at the moment he could not hear the report of my rifle. I had a hunting rifle, muzzle-loading, and when I overhauled my ammunition I found just six bullets. I also had a hunting knife, but no revolver. It was just four o'clock when I fired my first signal. It was a cool fall day, with the sky overcast, and I was right in the woods, where it would be dark at five o'clock. There were plenty of wolves about, with an occasional bear or panther, and if Jim failed to hear my signals and come to me I would be in a bad fix. I fired the rifle six times as fast as I could load, and fifteen minutes after the last discharge I heard Jim shouting. Luckily for me he had also wounded a deer and been following it over the ground I had traversed. By the time he came up it had grown dark in the woods. The idea was to get me to camp as soon as possible, and he undertook to carry me on his back. He hadn't gone a quarter of a mile when we heard the soft footsteps of some wild animal on the dead leaves, and two or three minutes later a wolf uttered a long-drawn howl.

"That's what I feared," said the old man, as he came to a halt. "In ten minutes we'll have a whole pack around us. We've got to tree, and that mighty quick!"

He was almost as badly off for ammunition as I was, having only two charges, but in place of a hunting knife he had a tomahawk in his belt. His idea was to "boost" me up a tree and then follow, but it so happened that no tree with low branches was at hand, and as we kept on we heard the wolves howling and closing in from every direction. I could see their eyes shining to the right and left and behind us, and had advised Jim to stop before we were attacked, when he suddenly swerved to the left and uttered a grunt of satisfaction. A gale of wind had uprooted a tall tree, but in falling its top had lodged in another, so that the trunk remained at an angle of forty-five degrees and was entirely clear of the ground. Jim walked right up to this trunk to the first limb, bearing me on his broad back, and I was no sooner unloaded than he made me fast to a limb with my own belt. At this point the trunk was fifteen feet above the earth, and looking down I saw at least twenty wolves gathered below us. They were very quiet until they seemed to realize that we had outwitted them, and then they broke loose with noise enough to deafen us. This racket attracted others, and when night had fairly set in we felt sure the pack numbered at least fifty.

About fifteen minutes after we ascended the trunk the wolves discovered the route. Jim seated himself a few feet below me, tomahawk in hand. There must have been five or six of the beasts coming up in line, but the first one hesitated as he drew near, and the old man leaped forward and split his head open. Down he fell, and down leaped all the others, and the pack were not over a minute picking his bones. Gnashing their teeth and growling in a way to curl your hair, they made another rush for the roots of the tree, and again I saw them come boldly up the log; but old Jim held the key to the position. His tomahawk reached out again, and down went the line to feast on more wolf-meat. The pack must have been ravenously hungry and fiercely determined, for they tried this dodge nine times running before they quit. One blow of the tomahawk was sufficient in each case. On the ground the head wolf would have made a leap as he drew near, but the height seemed to frighten him as he got within reaching distance.

For about half an hour after giving up the route by way of the trunk they remained directly below us, leaping up or circling around, but they finally concluded that it was no use and suddenly rushed off through the forest in a body.

We remained huddled up in the tree until daybreak, when Jim again took me on his back and descending to the ground headed for camp. We reached it after a deal of hard work on Jim's part and considerable suffering on mine, and it was full two weeks before I could move outside the shanty.

We had both counted nine wolves that he had killed on the log, and yet the only relic or reminder that Jim could find next morning was a few shining white bones picked bare and clean. Had the pack closed in before we reached the fallen tree—I would not have written this story.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Amateur Rowing.

"They're off!" The hoarse, eager cry goes shrilling over the water, intermingled with screaming steam-whistles, shouts of encouragement, and warnings. You who are fond of that principle of all aquatic sports, rowing, does not your blood tingle, your heart beat faster, and your breath come a bit short when your memory paints for your imagination the low hills on either side of the beloved Schuylkill, on a delightful June afternoon, the water like a polished mirror, and four eight-oar shells lying expectantly within earshot of the umpire's boat?

You know what the scene means—the long dreary winter nights' training on the "machines," the abstention from the flowing bowl, the stern withdrawal from the pleasures that are called social—in a word, the almost Spartan-like absorption in his work of the "man" who is "training" for a boat-race. With

what pride does he scan the weekly evidences, nay, even the daily records, of his gains against that enemy—fat! How he exults at the increase of lung-power, the "staying" qualities of his wind! Then the sharp, forced marches on Sunday, the bathing, the harsh massaging, the hardening of the muscles into veritable whip-cords, the pink skin, the bright clear eyes—in a word, the healthy man, who emerges from all this severe work, and for whom the real fun begins when the ice has melted.

And then those never-to-be-forgotten "pulls" up the river under a blazing sun, the light repast, and the plying looks bestowed on the unfortunate outside world who are not in training, and who persist in indulging their abnormal appetites for catfish and waffles at the "Falls." "Waffles!" the epitome of all that is accursed in the eyes of the man "training."

The young giants are at last ready for the final tug of war. Fond but critical eyes have watched, admonished, and "coached" their every move until the day, the hour, and the word "go" arrive. Then for eight minutes your true lover of rowing knows what life really is. What a gay, animated, moving spectacle! The upper decks of the steamboats crowded with pretty girls wearing rival colors, the river black with small craft of all sorts, and all focussing their course, their attention, on those four long slim shells well out in mid-stream, their occupants, with swelling chest and arms literally bulging with muscle, pulling for dear life. They near the end—how they pull!—the desultory cries and shouts have deepened into one dull, continuous roar, from which a word, a cry, emerges occasionally. They've crossed the line; the flag's dropped. "Well rowed, boys!" and then the band plays, and everybody is cognizant of a deep, deep, abiding thirst. Oh, but it's a fine sport!—*John F. Huneker in June Lippincott's*.

A Bit of Acting.

This anecdote of Artemus Ward is related by Don C. Seltz in the *May Century*: Leaving the little theater in Twenty-Third street, in New York, late one evening, Artemus Ward, Charles D. Shanly, and Neil Bryant broke out in a joyous carol. The song was interrupted by one of the then despised metropolitan policemen, who roughly ordered them to stop the noise. At this rude interruption, Artemus stopped his song, and turning, threw himself upon the broad bosom of the astonished policeman, and gave way to a gush of passionate tears. His friends endeavored to calm him, and the embarrassed officer, half choked by his warm embrace, begged him to desist, which he did, with the declaration that "the metropolitan policeman is the noblest work of God." This sentiment secured escape and a continuance of the song.

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Continued from Page Four.

unattractive barn in which the performance took place, the hard and uncomfortable seats which developed aches, and the draughts which whistled of late in the evening, I was charmed with the evening's attractions. Of the lady soloists, the fair visitor, Madame Kronold-Koertt, wore a peculiarly tinted gown of deep yellow, flounced and berthed with fine white lace, and long, pale green suede gloves, and with her sweet voice and handsome face won tributes of admiration from all. Our own piquante Madame D'Auria, who was gowned in white silk and lace, with a crown of pale pink carnations, and Miss Edith Miller, in cream white brocade and lace with Marshal Neil rosebuds in her hair, were a beautiful and tuneful pair. Signor Pier Delasco, also our own Toronto-born, in spite of years of foreign sojourn delighted his friends and pleased everyone with his ringing voice and insouciant manner. His stage presence is fine and his vim and power equal to any role. "Del Puente is a dear," remarked a pretty lady as the beautiful baritone voice filled the vast hall. By the way, I was distracted a good deal during the performance by the uncontrollable mirth of a very elegant-looking petite dame who sat just in front of me. I don't think anyone knew just why she laughed so much, but to sit behind a pair of convulsively shaking shoulders and hear a continually prolonged "tee-hee" for an hour or two, is rather trying to a nervous and music-loving listener. Consideration for others and a little regard for the impression apt to be conveyed by such an exhibition, would perhaps another time induce the giggling and mirth-consuming young woman to restrain her hilarity. The audience comprised the cream of society and seemed much interested and pleased with the performance. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick occupied places at the extreme end in the gallery. The lady of Government House kept her bonnie shoulders snugly wrapped in an opera cloak of silver gray brocade edged with white fur.

On Friday evening, May 19th, the active members of the Thirteen Club of Toronto gave a reunion dinner to the honorary members who have been for years associated with this organization. Regardless of the dreadful superstitious which is associated with this melancholy number, thirteen guests were seated at each table, and despite the fact that in the center of the room above them was suspended a human skull, everyone seemed to enjoy the repast to the fullest extent. The names of those present are as follows: Dr. W. E. Willmott, Messrs. W. B. Short, J. E. Maybee, W. H. Kestlin, Jas. Hales, B.A., L.C.B., J. M. Sparrow, E. J. Hathaway, W. E. Orr, W. A. Skeans, J. H. Madden, W. E. McMullen, A. Mills, A. E. Huestis, Dr. H. P. H. Galloway, W. E. Rundle, C. E. Clarke, W. G. Cuthbertson, Dr. C. R. Cuthbertson, Dr. R. G. McLaughlin, D. E. Sturrock, Rev. W. J. Smith, B.A., T. R. Rosebrugh, B.A., M. W. Sparrow, L.D.S., J. H. Sinclair and W. J. Green. Letters of regret were read from Mr. C. E. Sanders, B.A., Ph.D., of Richmond, Kentucky, Rev. T. J. Parr, B.E., B.D., S. S. Martin, Dr. J. E. Adams and R. Crosby, also from Mr. Chas. W. Torrey, sec. of the Thirteen Club of New York. The toasts were as follows: The Queen, President Maybee; Canada, W. E. Rundle; past presidents, Mr. Mills; honorary members, Dr. Galloway and Rev. W. J. Smith; witches and wizards, Mr. Jas. Hales; the ladies, Mr. Kestlin; the Thirteen Club, Mr. Maybee; the press, Mr. W. E. Orr; Poor Black Friday, Mr. Short; the thirteen superstition, Mr. Sinclair; ghosts and goblins, Mr. C. E. Clarke; bachelors, Mr. Hathaway; science, Mr. Rosebrugh; literature, Mr. W. Sparrow; business and professions, Dr. Cuthbertson. The rooms were beautifully decorated, the speeches were bright and entertaining, and it is safe to say that the banquet was most enjoyable and therefore most successful.

Mrs. Samuel Hopkins of Port Colborne is staying with her niece, Mrs. C. F. Story, 383 Ontario street.

Mrs. Lyman Jones, 170 Bloor street, gave a very pretty pink and white luncheon last Saturday in honor of her guest, Mrs. De Veber of Brantford. Those present were: Mrs. Hamilton Merritt of St. George street, Mrs. Kenrick, Miss Dupont, Miss Amy Dupont, Mrs. Arthur Hays of Winnipeg, Mrs. Knoch Thompson, Mrs. George Haysworth, Mrs. Murray Thompson, and Miss Greer of Brantford.

The presentation of Ermine at the Grand the first three nights of next week will be a social event of some importance. The chorus will consist of seventy voices. The affair will be under the direction of Mrs. Obarneir, with D. McGowan as stage manager. Following is the cast:

Little Thief	Freddie Solomon
Big Thief	W. E. Ramsey
Ermine	Mrs. J. C. Smith
Jarvis	Miss Jardine-Thomson
Terrie	Miss Edith Hirst
Maria	Miss Theresa Rollet
Pinecone	Mrs. Fraser
Chevalier	Mrs. Todd
Simon	Mr. W. Baker
Eugene	Mr. A. Parr
Captain	Mr. H. B. Gadsby

Mrs. (Dr.) McCue is visiting her mother, Mrs. East of Gerrard street, and will be home Monday.

Mr. Frank Deane's piano recital takes place next Thursday evening in the Y. M. C. A. Lecture Hall, Yonge street.

Mr. E. Wylly Grier was at home to friends in his studio last Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. James Dwyer of Halifax have come to reside in Toronto and are living on Carlton street. They will be a pleasing addition to society. Mrs. Dwyer was Miss Florence Magee of Toronto.

Mr. Frank Turner, C.E., president of the Albany Club, has just returned from a four months' visit to England.

Mr. A. F. Webster, agent, corner of King and Yonge street booked the following Torontonians to sail this week for Europe: Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Miss Macdonald, Mrs. Jack

Macdonald, Mrs. Lightbourne, Miss Lightbourne, Miss L. Lightbourne, Miss Darrell, Mrs. Scott, Mr. J. H. Hampson, Mr. A. McMan, Miss Allen, Mr. W. T. Thomson, Mrs. Cawthorne and infant, and Mr. F. T. Chilver.

A Great Horse and Carriage Sale.

Seldom is so good an opportunity offered to secure horses, carriages and harness at the purchaser's own prices as will be furnished on Monday, June 19, in the Mutual street Bink, where, acting under instructions from Mr. I. Silver, Messrs. Charles M. Henderson & Co., auctioneers, will dispose of the entire plant of the Grand National Stables, probably the best and most completely equipped stables in all Canada. When Mr. Silver gives instructions for an article to be sold it is sold. There will be no reserve bids, no buying in, no bidder-up, but everything offered will be knocked down to the highest bidder, be the price but one-sixteenth of the original cost. All the horses are in the grandest condition, and for the purposes for which they are intended and have been used can hardly be beaten anywhere. That the public shall have every opportunity to see what is to be sold and to judge of the value thereof, everything will be on exhibition in the Mutual street Bink all the Saturday afternoon and evening previous to the sale. There are some four hundred lots to be put up, including horses, hacks, coupes, phaetons, victorias, broughams, buggies, sleighs, cutters, single and double harness, robes, rugs, whips, saddles, fly nets, blankets, coachman's clothes, etc., etc., all of which are in the very best condition and generally of superior make. A Brewster landau that is to be sold, like everything else, without the slightest reserve, is believed to be the finest ever brought to Toronto and is well suited for family use. A great part of the harness was made by Lugdin & Barnett and is as good as anything that reliable firm ever turned out. One set of heavy harness, brass mounted, cost \$275 in England. All that was not imported is of the very finest Canadian manufacture. As the terms are spot cash some extraordinary bargains are absolutely certain to be secured. The Grand National stables are to lease for a term of years.

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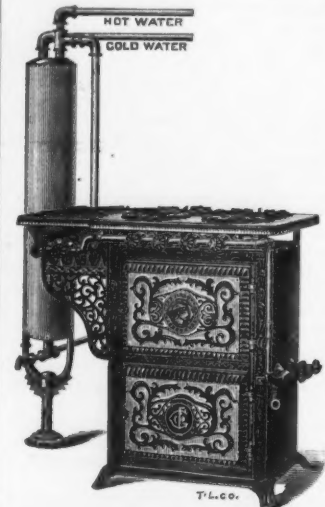
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The Arrest of Slider.

Billy Haven was no ordinary burglar. His theory was that if a man wished to make a success of his profession, he needed to use his brain rather than his muscle. It was all right enough, when starting out to commit a burglary, to take a knife with you, or a loaded club, or a pistol, but Billy claimed that the doing of this showed a lack of mental ingenuity. Any muscular fool can bludgeon the senses out of a half-awakened householder aroused from his first deep sleep by the noisy entrance of a thief through the kitchen window, but bludgeoning Billy looked upon as clumsy and unnecessary. The consequence was that Billy, by strict attention to business, and the endeavor to please customers, soon began to build up for himself an enviable reputation among the police. They never caught sight of Billy or his pals, but they always recognized his handiwork by the neatness and dexterity of it. They did not even know his name, but they called him among themselves Billy Haven out of respect for the memory of a detective of that name, who was especially good at tracking crimes of a kind whose origin was obscure, and the clue to which was not visible. They said among themselves, when their attention was first directed to the kind of burglary the new burglar was doing, that this was a job Billy Haven would like the unraveling of if he were alive, and so they drifted on, never getting a sight of the burglar, until the crimes were called Billy Haven's jobs, and finally the unknown cracksmen came to be called Billy Haven. As a general thing, where Billy Haven was at work, the inmates of the house never knew a robbery had been committed until next morning. Billy and his gang left almost no trace of their visit except the disappearance of the most valuable things in the residence.

At last these neat burglaries ceased, and there were no traces of Billy for years. It is probable that the authorities would never have known any particulars about Billy's career if it had not been that a convict dying in one of the prisons told about Billy's last and successful coup, which enabled Haven and his gang to retire into respectable but monotonous private life.

Billy, it seems, had long looked with hungering eyes on a large mansion that stood in a lonely part of a lonely suburb. It was entirely surrounded by a high wall, and Billy felt that if he and his mates ever got inside that mansion they could work in uninterrupted security.

Enquiry showed Billy that it was the residence of Mr. Slider, the well known banker, a man intimately connected with numerous prosperous companies, and a man of great reputed wealth. The name of Slider was a power in the city. Billy's investigations led him to the knowledge that Mr. Slider was a most careful man, who had arranged every electrical appliance then known for the discovery of a burglar. He appeared to realize that if once a burglar got entrance into the big house, the family would be, comparatively speaking, at his mercy; and so it was that every window was protected by half a dozen different devices. The door-mats and windows were so arranged that after everybody went to bed the lightest footfall on any of them would light all the electric lamps in the house; would ring a large bell in the tower; would telegraph a warning to the nearest police station, and would set more gongs ringing all over the place than a burglar who was at all nervous cared to hear.

Billy realized then that the ordinary methods of a burglar would have a tendency to fall if applied to the big house standing in its own extensive grounds, and so he resolved that when he and his pals entered the house it would be by the door, and not by one of the windows, and it would be at a time when the family had not retired to rest.

Billy's plans, when matured, were very simple. He obtained the costume of a police inspector for himself and the clothes of an ordinary policeman for each of his four pals. He got, likewise, a very good imitation of a warrant of arrest, made out in the name of Mr. Slider. Billy was the man of brains in the gang, and the other four realizing this did exactly as he told them. They were in a perfect state of discipline and had the utmost confidence in Billy's ingenuity. The plan was this: They were to obtain entrance into the house about nine o'clock in the evening, in perfect legal form; the inspector was to arrest Mr. Slider, who might, of course, be indignant, but the conspirators expected that the respect a banker has for the forms of law at least insured submission under protest, and while the inspector stood guard over the arrested man, two of the alleged policemen were to be posted so that no one could leave the house, even if Mr. Slider wanted to send a messenger away, which was not likely, because of his certainty that there was a mistake which could easily be cleared up. The other two alleged policemen could then search the house under the protection of a bogus search warrant, and quietly secrete all the valuables and money that they could lay their hands on. The inspector then intended to tell Mr. Slider that because of his protests he would not take him to jail but that he must understand that he was under arrest, and that he might have to report to the head officer when called upon to do so. Billy imagined that the time which must intervene before the news of the unwarranted arrest reached the real police would give him all the opportunity he wanted to cover his tracks and secrete his spoil.

This plan worked admirably up to a certain point, when Billy and his pals were treated to a stupefying surprise. The man at the porter's lodge tremblingly admitted the officers of the law into the grounds. He was then ordered to lock the gates, which he did, and one of the policemen took the key and remained in the porter's lodge with the man and his wife, who were certainly very much frightened. Another policeman was left to guard the entrance of the house, while the bogus inspector and the remaining policemen rang at the front door. The person who admitted them was also terrified at the sight of their uniforms.

Billy asked if Mr. Slider was at home, and was informed that he was in the drawing-

room. He then asked that he and the officers might be shown there without being announced.

Mr. Slider was sitting in an easy-chair surrounded by his family. He turned his head round, and when the door opened without the customary knock and when he saw the uniform of the inspector a ghastly pallor came over his face. Before the inspector could speak he held out his hand and said:

"One moment, please." Then turning to his wife he remarked to her in a low voice: "Take the children to your own room, and stay there till I come. I have some business with this gentleman. Don't be alarmed. Everything is all right. I had an appointment with him, but forgot to mention it to you."

The pale woman and her frightened children withdrew, and Slider stood alone confronting Billy and his two pals.

"I am sorry to say," began Billy, "that I have here a warrant for your arrest. All the entrances are guarded, and of course you understand the futility of making any resistance."

"Quite so; quite so," said Slider huskily. "I appreciate all that."

"I have also a search warrant here; and while I stay with you my men must have a look over the premises. Do you wish me to read it to you?"

"It is not at all necessary," said Slider, in an agitated voice. "I have no doubt they are quite correct. As for searching, I have no power to prevent that; but before you begin, I would like to make a proposal to you, inspector. You look like a shrewd man. How many policemen have you with you?"

"I have four," answered Billy.

"There are five of you altogether, then?"

"Exactly."

"Now, inspector, I am a man of business and, as you know, a man of great wealth. I would like to have a few words with you in private. Would you kindly ask these officers to step out of the room for a moment?"

"That is hardly regular," objected the inspector.

"I know, I know," answered the banker hurriedly; "but I think I can make it worth your while to do what I ask."

"Rogers," said the inspector to the policeman beside him, "you and Benham just step out for a moment into the hall and come at once if you hear me call."

Rogers and Benham saluted and withdrew without a word. When the door was closed Billy stood with his back against it and Slider remained standing near the fire.

"If I had happened," said Slider, "not to have been at home when you came, what would you have done?"

"I presume," answered the inspector, "I would have tried to find out where you were without arousing suspicion, and if that could not be done I would have had to come some other time."

"Precisely. Now, what will you take in gold to go back to the station and report that you have not been able to find me?"

"That would be a dangerous business," said Billy quite honestly.

"I can make it worth your while to run the risk," said Slider.

"Give me a start of twenty-four hours and that is all I ask. Now, how much?"

Billy hesitated and pondered for a moment.

"What do you say," he said at last, "to five thousand for me and three thousand apiece for each of the men?"

"That would be seventeen thousand in all," said the banker.

"Well," said Billy, "suppose we make it twenty thousand as a lump sum; or rather, as you wish twenty-four hours, I think, as time is valuable in a case like this, a thousand an hour would not be exorbitant. If you say twenty-four thousand in gold, it's a go."

"That is a large amount," said the banker.

"Oh, very well then," replied Billy. "We have only to do our duty. You are not absent; you are here. The amount is large, as you say, but you must remember that the risk is tremendous."

"Yes, I admit that," said the banker with a sigh; "but you said you would take twenty thousand or even seventeen thousand a moment ago."

"There are four men to square, besides myself," answered the inspector, "and if one of them objected of course the game would be up. I shall not take the risk even of mentioning it to them for anything less than twenty-four, and if I think any longer about it I shall raise the price to thirty."

"I agree to the \$24,000," said the banker hastily. "Can you make sure of your men—of their silence?"

"Reasonably sure," answered Billy. "The only question is, can we have the money in gold here and now?"

"I am not sure that I can give you all that amount in gold, but I think I can." He consulted a pocketbook he had with him and added some figures together. "Yes," he said, "I can do it."

"Very well," said Billy. "It is a bargain."

Billy called his pals, and together they accompanied the banker to another room that contained a large safe, which Slider opened.

He took out several bags, and taking down a pair of scales from the top of the safe, said: "You may weigh this, and you will find it correct. There are five bags here and they each contain \$5,000."

"Open all the bags," said Billy cautiously. The banker did so, and Billy ran a handful of gold from each of them through his fingers and found everything correct.

"How much does a thousand weight?" he asked the banker, and on receiving his answer, placed one of the bags in the scales.

"It is a pity to break bulk," said Billy. "I think we will call it \$25,000."

"Very well," answered the banker. "Suppose you call your men in. I wish to be sure that you will keep your part of the compact."

The four men were speedily inside the room, and their eyes opened as they saw the glitter of the gold. The inspector briefly detailed to them the points of the bargain, while the banker looked from man to man and listened anxiously.

"You agree to this?" said Billy, and each of the men nodded.

"You will have no further trouble from us, Mr. Slider," said Billy Haven politely, "at least for twenty-four hours."

The banker drew a deep breath of relief as each man took a bag of gold and quietly departed.

A few days after the papers were filled with the startling announcement that Mr. Slider, the well known banker, had absconded, and that an enormous amount of money was missing. Investigation of the books showed that he had been preparing for flight for over a year, and rumor has it that he is now living somewhere in South America. But that is one of the things about which nobody knows anything definite.—Robert Barr in *Detroit Free Press*.



Philanthropist—My good man, if you can prove to me that you are blind I will gladly give you a quarter.

Blind Man—Show me the quarter first.—Judge.

Trinity Talk.

BUT two weeks more and the cloud bursts, i. e., the exams, in the faculties of arts and law commence about June 8, and the sported oak and midnight oil tell many a sad tale. It is to be hoped that our men will not be worked up to such a pitch of nervousness as the men of our sister university and that fainting spells will be conspicuous by their absence. Surely men should have sense enough to follow the advice of Horace, the proverbial *mens sana in corpore sano*, and if the coveted scholarships or prizes are responsible for these breakdowns, let us, as has been wisely said, abolish them.

In the recent examinations in the Faculty of Music the gold medal given for general proficiency in the second year exam. was carried off by Mr. J. P. James.

The match between the second eleven and the Parkdale Juniors on the afternoon of Saturday, May 20, was witnessed by a large number of the admirers of both elevens. The Parkdales came out on top, having rolled together the respectable score of 98 to our 74. Chambers for Parkdale made 52, not out, and Myer for Trinity headed the list with 14.

Mr. Frank DuMoulin, B.A., left college on Monday, May 22, for Brockville, where he will spend the summer.

The annual meeting of the Athletic Association took place on Tuesday, May 23. The report came too late for issue. The principal business was the election of officers for the ensuing year. A motion to alter a clause in the constitution, to omit the words "which shall be made for the ensuing year at the close of each season," was made by Mr. Hedley, B.A. This refers to the election of the team captains. It has been deemed advisable to go back to the old way of electing captains, namely, in the term prior to the season of the sport, whatever it may be, instead of a year beforehand. The elections will be announced in next week's issue.

The first eleven went to Port Hope to play Trinity College school on Saturday last. The match was unfortunately stopped by one of Port Hope's proverbial thunder showers. The school had gone in to bat and had been put out for 52 runs.

Blue Laws of Connecticut.

Popular myths and historical falsehoods have a tenacity of life that is amazing. "Never chase a lie," was an old saying; "let it alone and it will run itself to death." But many an old and absurd legend or myth belies that maxim, and seems to keep, if not to gather, vitality, at every step, as it spreads its way down the ages.

That William Tell actually shot an apple from the head of his son at the command of the tyrant Gessler, is to this day believed by multitudes. But while that event is said to have taken place in 1296, it was never heard of till 1482; and careful search through all the charters of Kuesenach gives no evidence that such a personage as Gessler ever ruled in Switzerland.

And so thousands and tens of thousands really believe that what are known as the Blue Laws of Connecticut were the regularly enacted laws of the New Haven colony, and that they contained such absurd statements as that no husband should kiss his wife, or no mother her children, on Sunday, or on Fast Day; that a beer barrel should be whipped if the beer in it worked on Sunday; that on that day no one should cook food, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave himself, and that every male in the colony should have his hair cut round by a cap, or if a cap was wanting, then by the scooped-out shell of a half-pumpkin!

Strange as the credulity seems, such things were believed, both abroad and at home, though the distorted romances it accepts are like Falstaff's lies, "gross as a mountain, open and palpable." The Blue Laws are quoted, or referred as actual enactments, not only by Black-

wood's Magazine, but such men as Rev. Isaac Taylor, Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford and Rev. J. S. M. Anderson, chaplain to Queen Victoria, which, on the part of Englishmen, as John Todd once said, is as preposterous as if an American should quote the story of Jack and the Bean Stalk as a veritable part of English history.

On this side of the Atlantic, too, we find such men as Judge Haliburton of Nova Scotia (author of Sam Slick); Mr. Walsh of the New York bar (1867); Prof. De Vere of the University of Virginia (1872), and several other well known writers, referring to the Blue Laws as undoubted enactments of the Puritans. During the past summer the writer met and conversed with a highly intelligent gentleman largely interested in publishing school books, who fully believed that the Blue Laws were on the Puritan statute books, and who was quite surprised when told of their true origin and history. One of the leading New York daily papers, in a late prominent editorial, spoke of those laws with a sneer, as the legal enactments of the New Haven colony; an associate editor of another leading daily paper, speaking on the subject, said he supposed "most of the Blue Laws had been repealed," and the first number of the new *Catholic Times*, recently issued in Philadelphia, has its contemptuous fling at the Colonial Blue Laws, in an article urging the opening of the great Columbian Exposition on Sunday.

The true origin of these Blue Laws is that they were written by the Rev. (i) Samuel A. Peters, a renegade Tory, who was driven from the colony, and who in anger and spite published these laws in 1781. According to the historian Trumbull he was known as the greatest falsifier in the colony, telling such incredibly absurd stories as that of the Windham Frogs, and of those unearthly and fearful quadrupeds, the Cuba and the Whapperknocker, and that the Rev. Thomas Hooker of Hartford spread the poison of smallpox on the leaves of Bibles which he sent to the Indians, and so swept away the great sachem Connecticut (an imaginary person) and his warriors, and so laid waste their kingdom; and, climax of all, that the Connecticut river, at Bellows Falls, is so consolidated and hardened by the pressure of the narrow and rocky gorge through which it rushes, that it is harder than marble, and a crowbar of iron cannot be forced into it, but of course would float on its surface like a chip or a feather.

Such was the author of the Blue Laws, which are just about as authentic as the stories above mentioned, and of others like them originating with Peters, which might well do credit to Baron Munchausen himself. So strangely preposterous were his absurd statements that some have charitably supposed him to have been insane. But his method and motives point rather to a malice and spite which hoped to defame the colony from which he was driven, by fabrications, which, strange to say, have found thousands of credulous believers. Is it not high time that editors and publishers, essayists, and all that would be thought intelligent, should cease to quote such ridiculous falsehoods as to the actual enactments of the Puritans?—Tryon Edwards in *Detroit Free Press*.

A Too Severe Pressure.

With his arms pressed tenderly about her lissom waist Charlie Topnocker stood with dainty Marie Van Clifton on the broad porch of the Van Clifton residence, on the heights, and while she rested her head upon his shoulder they looked up at the scattered stars that sailed through the scudding mist in the blue bowl of night. There was little said, for Charlie is bright enough to know that his silences are far more brilliant than his speeches, and Marie was thinking deeply. At last she moved un- easily, and said:

"Your sister hates me."

Charlie held his peace.

"And I hate her."

Charlie still continued to hold his peace, also to hold Marie.

"And since this is so," said Marie bitterly, as she slowly twisted the ring from her finger, "you and I would better meet as strangers only after this; our engagement must end!" and as she spoke she strove to withdraw herself from her lover's embrace.

He would not release her. She panted angrily: "Let me go, sir!" and driving her little hands fiercely against his chest, she pushed herself from his clasp, as he staggered back a pace, with an expression of pain, and clasped his hands tightly to his bosom.

"Oh, Marie," he cried.

And she drew back into the shadow to hide the pain she felt for him in his moment of anguish.

"Oh, Marie, you have broken—"

His fingers were clutching his breast.

"You have broken my last cigar!"

And with a look of agony he drew the fragments from his vest pocket.

But Marie Van Clifton had closed the door behind her with a bang like a cannon and he was alone in the night.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

A Lesson in Make-Up

Edwin Booth's first speaking part was as Tressell in Richard III. He played the part at the Boston Museum on September 10, 1849. The young historian was then acting as a companion and dresser to his father, and half an hour before the play was to begin was standing in the wings of the stage, where Jacob Thoman, the prompter, was arranging some details of the play. Thoman was cast for Tressell, and annoyed at the double task imposed upon him, turned to Edwin and urged him to take his place on the stage. The lad (he was then but fifteen) finally consented, and, dressing for the part, sought his father's dressing-room, where he found the elder Booth dressed for the part of Richard and waiting for the summons of the call-boy. The father surveyed the son critically for a moment and then asked abruptly:

"Who is Tressell?"

"A messenger from the field of Tewksbury."

"What was his mission?"

"To bear the news of the defeat of the King's party."

"How did he make the journey?"

"On horseback."

"Where are the spurs?"

Glancing down the son noted their absence

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and said he had not thought of them.

"Here, take mine."

Edwin undid his father's spurs and tied them on his boots. When his work on the stage was ended he again sought his father's dressing room and found him sitting seemingly in deep thought as before.

"Have you done well?" was the question that greeted him as he entered.

"I think so," was the reply.

"Then give me my spurs," and Tressell replaced the spurs on Gloucester's feet.

It was thus that the greatest player of his time made his first bow to the public, of which in ten years he was to become the idol.

How it Hurt.

"When you were running for parliament, didn't you feel hurt by the cartoons and caricatures that were published in the comic papers?" asked a gentleman of a prominent politician.

"Hurt by a caricature! Boosh! It hurts a regular politician like myself about as much as having his shadow on the wall butted by a goat," was the candid reply.

The man

"It is a little antic-

The man

"What he contem-

Martin

again to ti-

The Portrait.

Continued from Page Two.

visiting the colonel's wife last summer that I became acquainted with her."

"Has she ever visited Toronto before?" asked Martin.

"Not to my knowledge."

Martin had learned as much as he wished, and as he did not care to discuss Miss Barker with these ladies, or with anyone else for that matter, he deftly turned the conversation into another channel. At the same time his thoughts were busy with the new acquaintance, and he could not help thinking how closely she resembled his painting. When it came time for the Jersey he was conscious of a nervousness which no other woman had ever excited. During the dance he was in ecstasy, and after the entertainment was ended, and he had made his adieu, he was satisfied, upon analyzing his feelings, that he was on the point of falling in love.

As he drove home, with the most pleasant reminiscences of the evening flitting through his excited brain, and with new sensations thrilling him to the marrow, he hardly realized that the air was crisp and biting, that the sky was clear and frosty, or that the sleigh bells rang out smartly and echoed through the street with a merry intonation. He sat buried among his furs, apparently oblivious to all about him. He was in a whirl of ecstasy never experienced before. It seemed to him that he had at last met a nature that was in accord with his own. Life had suddenly undergone a spectacular change, and everything seemed blazoned with crystals and gold. For the first time he fully realized what Emerson meant when he wrote that "No man ever forgot the situations of that power to his heart and brain, which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light; the morning and night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart bound, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form is put in the amber of memory; when he became all eye when one was present, all memory when one was gone."

Such was his reverie, when suddenly he realized that his horse had stopped, and that his driver was turning to one side of the street.

"What is it?" he asked, with a start.

"There's a chap down there in the road, sir. He's been takin' too much soda water, or somethin' of that sort, sir, for he's mighty staky at the knees. He was a crossin' of the street, sir, an' dropped down there right in front of us. I came mighty nigh runnin' over him, sir."

Martin shook off his robes and sprang out of the sleigh. There was not a soul beside themselves to be seen on the street. He approached the man, who lay face downward in the snow. He saw that he was well dressed, and that he was past middle age. He tried to arouse him, but to no purpose; the man only complained of being disturbed.

"Tim," said Martin to his driver, "we can't leave him here a night like this, he will freeze to death. Here, help me get him into the sleigh. We must take him home with us."

"Bad luck to the blackguard for gettin' so full," said Tim, as he helped to place him in the cutter. "An' who the devil is he any way?"

"Well, no difference; he cannot be left to freeze, Tim. Now drive on as fast as you can."

It was not long before they were all comfortably housed, and the stranger was sleeping soundly upon a lounge in the doctor's study.

CHAPTER III.

When Martin entered his study the next morning he found his *protégé* in a sitting posture upon the lounge, with his face buried in his hands. Martin had entered so quietly that the stranger was not aware of his presence until he had cleared his throat by way of announcing himself. The stranger looked up with a start. Had it not been for the marks of dissipation in his face he would have passed for a handsome man. He was apparently beyond middle age, and his hair, which was worn rather long, was quite gray. He wore a heavy mustache, which was as gray as his hair and which shadowed a weak chin. His eyes were dark and puffy-looking; in fact, his whole face was somewhat puffy-looking. He had a fine intellectual brow, however, and despite his grizzly appearance there was an air of distinction about him which hinted that he knew how to be a gentleman. His bearing gave the impression that his better nature had suffered through his own moral weakness. Martin read him like a book, and pitied him from the bottom of his heart; before him was an ambitious, wavering, desponding nature, whose self-esteem was not sufficient to keep the head out of the dust. At the present moment the stranger was somewhat disheveled and apparently quite dejected. While undergoing this scrutiny he rose to his feet, and a look of shame came into his face.

"Well," said he huskily, "I don't know who you are, but I can see in your eye that you think I am an ass."

"Well, not exactly an ass," said Martin, "but it is plain to be seen that you have not very good control over yourself."

The man straightened himself as if he had been dealt a blow.

"Humph! You are candid at any rate," said he, in a tone that was not meant to be conciliating. "Still, you did me a good turn last night and I shall not complain. You showed your humanity where others would have left me to freeze. I thank you for your kindness."

Martin had turned to a cabinet near by and had prepared a draught of something in a tumbler. When the speaker ceased he turned and offered the concoction.

"Had I not taken you in, sir, and you had been found dead in the morning, I should have felt like a criminal. Now I want you to take this. It will brace you up and make you feel better."

The man hesitated.

"It is not liquor," said Martin. "It is a little antidote which I know will help you."

The man looked at him dubiously.

"What do you know about antidotes?" said he contemptuously.

Martin smiled, turned to his desk, then again to the stranger.

"Permit me to offer my card," said he, still holding the glass.

The man took the card, read it, started and straightened himself as if to recover his ebullient dignity.

"Then it is to Dr. Richard Martin that I perhaps owe my life?"

"Oh, it is not so serious as that, I hope. It happened to be I who took you in out of the cold at the moment when you were—down, that is all, sir. Anyone would have done the same, I think, under the circumstances."

The man stretched forth a trembling hand for the glass.

"I will take it, doctor. I see you mean me well."

He drained the glass at a swallow.

Martin rang a bell. The stranger started, put down the glass, then looked at Martin enquiringly.

"I will order some breakfast," said Martin, then opening the door of his bedroom he continued:

"You can make your toilet in here."

The stranger moved to leave the study. At the door-way he turned to Martin.

"Dr. Martin," said he in an unsteady voice, "your kindness is more than I deserve. I do not understand it. I am a stranger to you, and yet you have sheltered me when I should have been left in the gutter. You—you make me wish that I was a better man."

"You can be a better man if you choose, sir. By the way, you have not yet given me your name."

The man stood thoughtfully for a moment, then said:

"My name is Van Zandt. You will pardon me not giving it before, but I was ashamed to do so."

"Van Zandt!" said Martin, with a look of surprise. "Not Prof. Van Zandt, of the University of Music?"

"The same, doctor," said he, with an expression of chagrin. "But, you—you will excuse me?"

"Certainly."

The professor bowed himself from the room. The servant was now at hand and Martin gave orders for breakfast to be served in the study at once. It was the first time he had met the professor, although he had often heard of him, and somehow or other he was beginning to feel some charity for the man. He was particularly struck with the fact that there were no excuses offered, no promises, no extravaganzas, no nonsense. The man had acknowledged his weakness in his manner and at the same time had striven to master himself. There was a look of resolution in his face, and Martin felt sure that he would struggle hard with the tempter. When he returned to the study, Prof. Van Zandt seemed more himself than ever. The wash had done him good. The servant had brought in the breakfast and Martin assigned his *protégé* to a seat at the table.

"Now, professor, sail in," said he. "Here are some pickles to start with, after which a cup of coffee and a lamb chop will certainly revive your drooping spirits."

The professor smiled significantly.

"You speak as if you understood the matter, doctor," said he, "and yet you look like a man who believed in total abstinence."

"A physician is always supposed to understand this sort of complaint. I will admit that I have learned a little about it from experience. But you are right in believing me a total abstainer. I never touch the stuff."

"I wish to God I could say the same," exclaimed the professor earnestly. "It has been the curse of my life."

"Well, why don't you give it up then?"

"That is it, why don't I? I often wonder why I don't. I can leave it alone for a time, but the desire never leaves me, and in a short time it is my master."

"It is worth while fighting, sir."

"I know it, I know it; but I fear I have not a strong enough will to overcome it. And then at times when I am discouraged, and everything looks blue as indigo, there is something in the stuff that helps me to forget."

And so they chatted. The doctor propounded several theories upon the subject of temperance and how to resist temptation, which the professor took for what they were worth, and inwardly concluded that the doctor knew very little about it. After the meal was finished, cigars were produced and the twain continued to chat in a jovial way until the clock struck nine. It suddenly occurred to the professor that he was trespassing upon the doctor's time, and with an apology he rose to go. As he passed before the mantelpiece his gaze fell upon the portrait. In an instant his interest increased, and stepping nearer he looked at the painting intently. With a show of agitation he brushed his hand over his eyes and looked again, then he turned to Martin with an expression of surprise mingled with enquiry.

"Doctor," he exclaimed, "is that the portrait of anyone you know?"

"No, I can't say that it is."

"Have you ever seen that woman?"

"Never that I know of; although I met a lady recently who resembles that painting very much."

"Where?"

"Here in Toronto."

"You say recently?"

"Yes, last evening at a party."

"Was she young, or past middle age?"

"She was apparently not more than twenty-one or two."

The professor's interest deepened.

"Her name," said he quickly.

"Barker."

The professor started, then after giving Martin a searching look, turned to the picture and became thoughtful and contemplative.

Martin could contain himself no longer.

"You have inoculated me with some of your curiosity, professor," said he, "and if you will not deem me impertinent, I should like to know in what way that picture interests you."

"In what way?"

"Yes."

The professor became grave. He looked down at the floor and was silent.

"It recalls the past," said he finally. "It recalls the happiness and the wretchedness of a man and woman whom I once knew."

"Ah, indeed; you interest me very much. Can you tell me of these people?"

The Favorite Sutor.



The Girl—But his father has left him well off. The Honest Friend—Well off! He has left him a taste for liquor and not a cent of money.—Life.

"Yes, I think I can; but only on condition that you promise to keep the story secret."

"Very well; I promise. I am anxious to know whom that picture suggests. It is a strange coincidence. That painting is simply the work of the imagination, and yet it seems that there is someone in existence whom it resembles."

And then Martin told how the portrait came to be made.

"It is as you say, a strange coincidence," said the professor. "I could swear it is the likeness of someone I knew years ago, and stranger still, the portrait is more like her than the photograph."

"But the story, professor; you will find me a most attentive listener."

The professor gave Martin a very searching look, then gazed steadily at the fire and was silent. The next moment he was pacing the floor. Then he resumed his seat and let his gaze rest upon the picture.

Martin waited in silence, but his penetrating eyes never turned from the professor, and although his countenance was passive, there was something there which suggested the fact that he was drawing inferences from the professor's actions. Finally Van Zandt began:

"It is now some twenty years since I knew the people of whom I speak, the one a beautiful young girl, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, the other a brilliant young man, whose begetting sin was a flighty nature. The young man could do almost anything he chose. He was poet, musician, artist, actor, whenever it suited his whim. The young girl had many accomplishments, but she was of a more reliable disposition and lived for a purpose. It chanced that out of the friendship which existed between these two there developed that sentiment which infatuates, blinds, be-addles every mind that is not well balanced with common sense. There was a proposal of marriage, followed by very reasonable objections on the part of the girl's parents, which drove the young man to desperation. An elopement was the consequence. They were married and for a short time lived happily. But the young man, being of that restless, wavering disposition, and always seeing something better in something he was not doing, but which certainly seemed within his grasp, was continually changing from one thing to another until he had tried everything he was capable of doing, and for the want of stick-to-itiveness, if you will allow me to coin a word, had failed in all. As a natural result of all this wavering effort to provide for his wife and child—for by this time a daughter had been born—a severe attack of melancholy and despondency took possession of him. He grew ugly to his wife. He neglected her and her child. He would be gone for days at a time, and she not knowing where he was would be left to her own resources. She wrote to her father, but he, like the cold, selfish, unforgiving devil that he was, would have nothing to do with her. The only thing she ever learned from him was that her mother had died, and that he had disowned her as his child."

The professor paused, then turning suddenly to Martin went on:

"I do not think I am relating anything new to you, doctor, for there are hundreds of just such cases. But as my story pertains to that portrait, or rather is suggested by it, I feel that it will be of interest."

"I assure you I find it most interesting, therefore proceed."

"There is not much more to tell. One night the husband came home helplessly intoxicated. It was the first time his wife had ever seen him in such a state. The next morning there was a note on the table to the effect that she had left him forever. From that day to this he has never heard a word of her or the child, and he has become a wanderer and a reckless man."

Here the professor looked steadily into the fire and fingered his mustache. Martin gazed reflectively at the portrait. Suddenly the professor went on:

"This woman who you say resembles that, is she married?"

"No."

"And you say her name is Barker?"

"Yes."

Another pause, then:

"Doctor, you can do me a great favor."

"How?"

"Find out her history."

"I will make an effort to do so."

"When will you see her again?"

"I think I could manage to see her to-morrow. But, you know, I shall have to be very discreet. It may take some time to learn her history."

"Yes, I know; but you will let me know as soon as you have learned it?"

"I will."

The professor rose and put on his overcoat. A few moments later he was gone, and Martin stood looking at the portrait with a puzzled expression.

(To be Continued.)

New Books and Magazines.

The *Idler* for June opens with a story by Bret Harte, in which our old friend, Yuba Bill, again appears, delightful as ever. In the *My First Books* series, Robert Buchanan tells his experience, and *The Idler* from cover to cover is bright and attractively illustrated. It is the very thing for tourists, idlers and holiday seekers.

The complete novel in the June number of *Lippincott's* is *The Translation of a Savage*, by Gilbert Parker, author of *The Chief Factor*, *Pierre* and *His People*, *Mrs. Falconer*, etc. It has an unusual subject, and tells how an Englishman of family and wealth married an Indian girl of Hudson's Bay and took her home, with results naturally mixed, but better than might have been expected. The fourth in the series of *Lippincott's* Notable Stories—*The Philosophers*, by Geraldine Bonner—deals with an extraordinary wedding, in which the men concerned were philosophers indeed. It is illustrated. *Ambition*, a play in one act, by Johanna Staats, has a double love story. The *Athletic Series* is continued in an illustrated article on Amateur Rowing, by John F. Hunker. In the *Journalistic Series*, Theodore Stanton descends on *The Foreign Correspondent*, John Burroughs gives a Glance into Walt Whitman, and Frank A. Burr tells how Men Write, with portraits of Captain King, J. G. Blaine, Julian Hawthorne, Eugene Field, Joel Chandler Harris, J. W. Riley, Bill Nye, and Walt Whitman. W. S. Walsh supplies anecdotes illustrating the methods, now more honored in the breach than in the observance, of *The Practical Jester*.

Alfred Stoddard, in *An Actor's Art*, contributes a brief study of Edward S. Willard. A Colonial Vista, by F. H. W., is a notice of Miss Wharton's *Through Colonial Doorways*. When Doctors Differ, by F. M. B., is a comment on a recent deliverance of Mr. F. Marion Crawford. M. Crofton, in *Men of the Day*, offers pen pictures of Ambassador Bayard, Millionaire Mackay, Composer Verdi and Editor Burnard. The poetry of the number is unusually full, containing lyrics by Graham R. Tomson, the late Philip Bourke Marston, Lorimer Stoddard, Bliss Carman and Harrison S. Morris, besides quatrains by Frank Damster Sherman, Clinton Scollard and Joel Benton.

A Man of the Century, by Mr. Wheelright, is one of the books of the year. I read it right through at one sitting, far into the night. Thomas Sewell, a staid Boston lawyer, is the central figure. A number of causes combine to make the methodical man of thirty-five decide upon a trip to Europe. He suddenly decides to "cross the ferry," sticks a notice on his door, "Back in five minutes," packs his traps, and without a word to anyone embarks at New York. He is going to read Dante in the original, and be an object of mystery to all on board, but no sooner does he appear on deck before the boat starts, than he finds himself confronted by Mrs. William K. Robinson, an aunt, with a match-making mania. Alongside this tormentor stands Miss O'Hara, whom the aunt in her wisdom has decided shall be Mrs. Thomas Sewell. The meeting was purely accidental, Mrs. Robinson being there to see Mrs. and Miss O'Hara off to Europe, but it was all the more effective on that account. The man of the century found himself introduced to half a dozen passengers before the boat had traveled a foot, and do what he would he could not keep to himself save during his five days of sea-sickness. He fell so far from grace—and Dante in the original—that he allowed his face to be blacked and acted as middleman in an amateur minstrel show, and was laughed at by Miss O'Hara. The story dodges about Great Britain and France and back to America, where Sewell is nominated for Congress as a Mugwump in a hopelessly Republican division, and is miraculously elected. The story is a political one, full of free trade and protection arguments, civil service reform, etc., most entertainingly handled. The author has a most happy knack of expression and invests Sewell with a distinct, though quiet, personality. He is a small, sandy man, sincere, high-principled and with a caustic humor. This book is printed by the Rose Publishing Co. of Toronto, and is on sale at John P. McKenna's, Yonge street, near King.

REVIEWER.

"Johnny, what is a kiss?" asked the teacher.

"It's a thing which yer can't describe with yer tongue, but yer can express it with yer lips," said Johnny.

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In 1669 Gregorio Leti's *Life of Pope Sixtus V.* was published at Lausanne, Italy. In it is told distinctly the story of the original Shakespeare's *Shylock*. Ten years before the supposed date of the production of the play, Paul Mar Schel, a Roman merchant and a good Catholic Christian, learned that Sir Francis Drake had conquered San Domingo and told the fact to a Jewish trader named Simson Cenedo, who disinherited him and offered to stake a pound of his flesh to the contrary. The Christian took him at his word and bet one thousand scudi against the pound of flesh and this was attested by the witnesses. Drake's conquest was confirmed and the Christian demanded the fulfillment of the wager. Money was offered but refused and the Jew appealed to the governor, who in turn appealed to the Pope, and the latter sentenced the two men to the gallows—but this was waived on the payment of two thousand scudi each to the hospital of the Sixtine Bridge. This story lets the Jew out and for that reason Catholic writers have never regarded it with much favor.—*The Theater*.

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Births.

CANDIE—On May 13, at 9 Homewood avenue, Toronto, the wife of Mr. Charles N. Candie—a son.
RICE—May 20, Mrs. R. R. Rice—a son.
IZZARD—May 20, Mrs. W. G. Izzard—a daughter.
TUBBY—May 22, Mrs. C. A. Tubby—a daughter.
MACLENNAN—May 17, Mrs. R. J. MacleNNan—a son.
HAWKE—May 14, Mrs. Widmer Hawke—a son.
LAUGHLIN—May 9, Mrs. A. Laughlin—a son.
MURHEAD—May 17, Mrs. James Murhead—a daughter.

Marriages.

BATES-BRIGHAM—May 2, Arthur S. Bates to M. E. Brigham.
SHUTTLEWORTH—NETHERTON—May 17, John T. Shuttleworth to Emily E. Netherton.
FRAY—SHAW—May 16, W. R. Fray to C. L. Shaw.

ROGERSON—FAWCETT—May 17, T. S. Rogers to Edith Fawcett.
LEFROY—WOOD—May 16 at Millbrook, by Ven. Archdeacon Allen, assisted by Rev. W. Cartwright Allen, Anthony Aylmer Lefroy of Port Hope, to Eleanor, eldest daughter of Mr. Archibald Wood, Millbrook.

Deaths.

WALLIS—May 23, James Wallis, aged 80.
MILLS—May 23, Maria Mills, aged 40.
FOY—May 22, Catherine Foy.
GIFVEN—May 23, John G. Foy, aged 57.
SAVAGE—May 23, Rev. D. Savage, aged 63.
WINSTANLEY—May 23, G. S. Winstanley, aged 60.
POTTER—May 21, Mary Potter.
BRODER—May 14, William Broder, aged 55.
BOYD—May 22, A. S. Boyd, aged 16.
SCOTT—May 19, George K. Scott, aged 36.
MORPHY—May 19, Helen Morphy.
ELLIOTT—May 19, Howard Elliott, aged 24.
WARE—May 18, Rev. H. Ware.
HINES—May 21, William Hines, aged 61.

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4.00 p.m. Local for London.

NORTH

6.50 a.m. Elora, Fergus, Brampton, Teeswater, Harrison, Mount Forest, Wingham, etc.
7.50 a.m. For Orangeville, Shelburne, Owen Sound, Harrison, Mount Forest, Wingham.
10.40 p.m. Streetsville, Orangeville, in connection with Steamships for Port Arthur, Winnipeg, etc.

11.30 p.m. North Bay, Port Arthur, Winnipeg, etc. Daily.
Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.
Trains leave North Toronto Station at 8.45 a.m., 5.30 p.m., 9.30 p.m., connecting respectively at Leaside Junction with these trains from Toronto Union for all Eastern points.

GIGANTIC UNRESERVED CATALOGUE

AUCTION SALE

— OF —

HORSES, HACKS, BROUGHAMS
COUPES, VICTORIAS, SLEIGHS
HARNESS, ROBES, ETC.

Being the entire Furnishings and Effects of the Grand National Stables, Toronto,

AT THE MUTUAL ST. RINK,

— ON —

MONDAY, THE 19th JUNE, 1893.

The subscribers are favored with instructions from

I. SILVER, Esq.

To sell on the above date, at the Mutual street Rink, the entire plant of the Grand National Stables.

We beg to enumerate a few of the Principal Lots:

COUPES, BROUGHAMS, ETC.

1 4 in-hand Pleasure Brake. This trap attracted great attention at the last Toronto Exhibition. Cost \$800; used only a few times. Built by Gray & Son.
1 close-quartered Landau, made by Brewster, New York. Cost \$2,000; perfect order.
1 5-light Landau, by Johnston & Brown; cost \$1,000; perfect order.
3 5-light Landaus, by Campbell; cost \$1,000 each; perfect order.
3 Broughams, by Dixon, nearly new; cost \$600 each.
1 large family Brougham, by Dixon; cost \$1000.
3 Victorias, by Dixon, good order; cost \$450 each.
4 extension-top Carriages, American make; cost \$350 each; 2 nearly new.
1 English Brake, carries 16 passengers, by Dixon; cost \$550.
1 T cart, by Dixon; cost \$350.
1 very high Dog Cart, 4 wheels, by Gray & Son; cost \$175.
1 Tandem 2-wheel Dog Cart, very high, nearly new; cost \$275.
1 2-wheel Dog Cart, by McGlaughlin; cost \$150.
1 Surrey, by Dixon.
1 leather-top Buggy, very light; by Brewster, New York.
1 leather-top Stanhope, very light, Dixon.
2 family Phaetons, leather top, nearly new, Campbell.
1 open Phaeton, Dixon.
2 Gladstones, Dixon.
1 Lexington, Gray & Sons.
1 Mikado, Gray & Sons.
1 square box-top Buggy, light, with pole, Gray & Sons.
1 Kensington.
1 2-wheel Dog Cart, for cob, very stylish, Dixon.
2 plano-box Buggies, good order.
1 dry goods Delivery Cart, formerly owned by D. Roche & Co.; cost \$275.

HORSES.

1 Brown Cob, 5 years old, 15 hands 1 inch.

Mr. Silver challenges the world to produce his equal for style and action; should sell for \$5,000 in New York, kind in all harness and a sure winner of first prize at any exhibition in the world in his class.

1 Brown Horse, Jack, perfect lady's saddle horse and kind in harness.
1 Pair Bay Horses, 16 hands high, long tails, can trot full mile together better than 3 minutes, kind in all harness and afraid of nothing.
1 Pair Cobs, with white faces, well built and very stylish drivers, single or double.
1 Pair Gray Cobs, built for wear, very valuable team.
1 Bay Mare, Jennie, kind in harness.
1 Brown Horse, Jake, kind in harness.
1 Brown Horse, Kilrain, kind in harness.
1 Bay Horse, Ben, kind in harness.
1 Bay Horse, Dan, kind in harness.
1 Roan Horse, Bob, kind in harness.
1 Brown Mare, Jennie, kind in harness.
1 Bay Mare, Maud, can trot very fast, kind in harness.
1 Black Mare, Kitt, very handsome, kind in harness.
1 Bay Horse, Irish, fine saddle horse.
1 Bay Horse, Marquis, fine roadster.
1 Chestnut Horse, Dan, kind in harness.
1 Bay Mare, can be driven 10 miles in one hour, sure.
1 Bay Horse, Macdonald, very fine horse for dog cart, stands 16½ hands high and very stylish.

SLEIGHS AND CUTTERS.

1 Dog Cart Tandem Sleigh, Dixon's.
1 Double Hack Sleigh, open Lariviere & Co., Montreal.
3 Double Hack Sleighs, closed.
1 Single Hack Sleigh, open.
2 Gladstone Cutters, Gananogue Carriage Co.
2 Pleasure Family Sleighs, by Dixon.
1 Pleasure Family Sleigh, by Hutchinson & Son, cost \$175.
1 Montreal Carryall, cost \$75.
2 Portland Sleighs, American make; cost \$100 each.
1 Stanhope Cutter, new, Dixon.
8 Cutters, including several very fine ones.

HARNESS.

1 set English Double Harness, brass mounting, made in England; cost \$275.
2 sets English Double Harness, nearly new, by Lugadin & Barnett.
3 sets English Double Harness, good order; cost \$100 each.
1 set light double, rubber mounting.
1 set double, silver mounting.
1 set 4-in-hand English Harness, brass mounting.
3 sets Coupe Harness, silver mounting.
3 sets Coupe Harness, brass mounting.
3 sets light Single Harness, brass mounting.
1 set light Single Harness, brass mounting.
1 set heavy Express Harness.
5 sets common Single Harness.
1 set heavy English Coupe Harness, new, brass mounting, by Lugadin & Barnett.
1 set heavy English Coupe Harness, silver mounting, by Lugadin & Barnett.
1 set light Double Rubber Harness; cost \$135, by Lugadin & Barnett.

ROBES, ETC.

16 Musk Ox Robes, nearly new; these are a very fine lot.
1 pair Buffalo Robes, gold trimming; valued at \$150.
19 Black Robes.
5 Gray Robes.
20 Fall Knee Rugs.
17 Summer Knee Rugs.
10 Fly Nets.
10 pairs Street Blankets, extra quality.
27 Stable Blankets.
4 English Saddles and Bridles.
30 Halters.
7 Coachmen's Winter Coats.
10 Coachmen's Summer Coats.
12 Coachmen's Silk Hats.
1 Lady's English Saddle.
25 Weights.
20 English Whips.
1 Taylor Sack, combination lock.
2 Office Desks.
25 String Bells.
1 Fleury Cutting Box.

THE HORSES ARE ALL AT WORK AND IN FIRST-CLASS CONDITION

The whole collection will be on view Saturday Afternoon and Evening previous to sale.

SALE AT 11 O'CLOCK SHARP.

TERMS CASH.

LUNCH ON THE PREMISES.

All parties wishing goods shipped can have them crated at reasonable prices.

Grand National Stables to lease. Apply I. Silver.

CHAS M. HENDERSON & CO., Auctioneers

A FASHIONABLE TRUNK



The above cut is an illustration of a Basket Trunk, made of close wicker, covered with patent enameled canvas, bound with leather, fitted with Excelsior locks and deep Tray and Bonnet Box. These trunks are made in three sizes—30 in., 33 in. and 36 in. We have them made especially for ourselves, and are selling large numbers this season.

H. E. CLARKE & CO., 105 King Street West